

THE *REAL* AMERICA

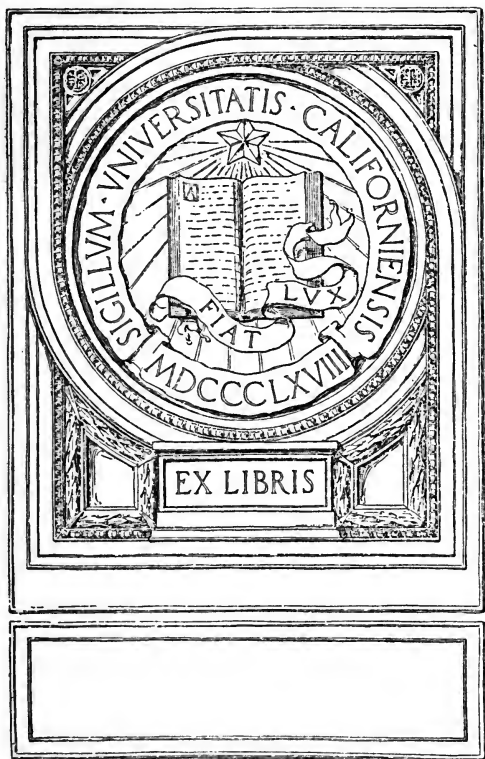


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THE REAL AMERICA

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BY

ALAN RALEIGH

Author of *The Man in the Car*



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THE NEW
AMERICAN

PREFACE

THE gigantic experiment in civilization of what were at one time the thirteen North American Colonies of King George III, now, and for 130 years past known as the United States of America, has been the theme of many writers and the inspiration of many pens.

When Christopher Columbus, setting sail in his frail bark from Spain to discover a new route to India, landed instead on the American Continent, he gave to humanity a new world to play with, and in that new world a new civilization has arisen, one differing in almost every conceivable way from the civilizations of Europe and Asia.

It is little to be wondered at that universal interest has been attracted to it.

Novelists like Charles Dickens, philosophers like De Tocqueville, politicians such as Sir James Bryce, Academicians like Paul Bourget, as well as a host of other writers, great and small, and of every race and nationality, have

given forth to the world their impressions of the New Republic.

It has not suffered from a lack of praise and appreciation, and in such a book as *Triumphant Democracy* we have the candid opinion of Andrew Carnegie, a Scot who has not done badly in the land of his adoption.

The American appetite for criticism is insatiable so long as that criticism is of a flattering nature; it is so voracious that every saloon passenger of note who passes Sandy Hook is invited to give his views on the country and to admire the charm and beauty of its women; but let a single flaw be detected and exposed, and this desire for criticism instantly ceases; you must either flatter or hold your tongue: the American is like the young poet who reads his immortal verse to you; he wants your praise, not your criticism.

Now it so happens that nearly all of those who have written about America have not been in a position that has enabled them to become impartial critics; as a rule they were the guests of America, enjoying the hospitality of American citizens, and under such circumstances to cast a search light on the failings of a country would have been ungenerous and churlish in the extreme.

One notable exception, however, to this universal adulation will occur to the mind at once.

Charles Dickens was, in some of his books, an extremely candid critic of America and the Americans, and whilst they read them to-day as much as ever, they have never quite forgiven him for that indiscretion, though his literary reputation stands too high with them to suffer any eclipse for his personal opinions.

Matthew Arnold, Sir Lepel Griffin, and the historian Froude all passed an unfavourable verdict on America, but being somewhat smaller men they could safely be ignored; their reputations do not stand very high in America to-day. Of the others most were flatterers.

Nearly everyone has had an axe to grind—the author had his books to sell, the actor his plays to produce, the essayist his reputation to consider, the lecturer his audience to flatter, the statesman his country's relations towards the Republic to restrain him; even the long-haired Slavonic singers and musicians, over whom fair Americans rave, had to be guarded in their opinions lest they should lower the market value of their treasured locks of hair.

In no sense were they detached and disinterested critics, and the few who did blurt out their views in naked truth, were invariably given the cold shoulder and ignored.

Yet that there was need for such a criticism can hardly be gainsaid. Healthy, vigorous

criticism is the very breath of life both to nations and men.

Now the present author being so obscure that he can say what he means and what he likes, having neither books nor plays to sell, nor congregations to consider, nor raven tresses to part with, nor a title to dispose of, and being convinced that candour is a jewel which is highly necessary in the relations of the two chief branches of the English-speaking world, is in a position to give a disinterested opinion of the nation we persist in calling 'our cousins' and of the land they inhabit, and it is his intention to do so.

Let a word of explanation be offered in advance; and, in the first place, let it be made quite plain to all what is meant by that somewhat misused word 'America.'

I do not mean by it either the New World or the North American Continent; what I do mean is the country whose flag is the Stars and Stripes, and that alone; I do not include Canada, I do not include Mexico, for they have names of their own to describe them; America means what Britishers more commonly refer to as the 'States.'

Secondly, this little book is not a Baedeker, nor does it aspire to be an exhaustive study of the social, political, and industrial life of the

American Republic; works that are, or claim to be, of that nature there are in abundance, but this is not one of them.

All that this book aims to be is an *impression* of the life of America, and of that life in the widest sense of the word.

Statistics have been practically ignored, descriptions of trades and industries are almost non-existent; commerce is scarcely touched upon; you may take it as granted that the industry of America is something greater than anything the world has seen before; as far as size is concerned, greater than anything in Europe. That is all admitted.

The author looks beneath the material edifice of American civilization and at THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA themselves. It is they who interest him and not their mammoth buildings.

Their twenty-storey skyscrapers leave him cold and unmoved, but he does wish to form an estimate and give a picture of the people who inhabit them.

America is a land of magnificent distances, and I would like to give the reader some clear idea of its vast size. Let me make an attempt. If you were to get on one of the Chicago expresses at New York and travel westward, in 8 or 9 hours you would reach Buffalo, having

travelled as far from New York as Edinboro' is from London—had you been travelling in England alone you would have gone clean out of the country and dived well into Scotland too. But at Buffalo you would still be in the same State as at New York City, and that State, remember, is only one of forty-nine, and by no means the largest.

Chicago, the chief city of the West, is still almost twice as far ahead of you to the westward as New York is now behind you to the east; it is farther from the latter than St Petersburg is from London, yet the Russian capital almost belongs to another world.

At Chicago you are still nothing like half way across America, for San Francisco, the other side of the Rockies, is still 2,000 miles ahead, as far away indeed as Paris is from Persia. And from North to South it is equally as distant; from the frozen basin of the St Lawrence to the sub-tropical plains of Southern California and New Mexico. The State of Texas alone is as large as France or Germany.

In a word it is a *Continent* we are dealing with, not a country like one of the many that constitute Europe. That fact should never be lost sight of in discussing America, and it would seem at first sight that to generalize on the country and the people would be infinitely

more difficult than to do so in regard to any one single race or country of ordinary dimensions.

But that is not the case.

Nature in America has not been remarkable for diversity; she has constructed immense areas of that continent with an extraordinary degree of monotonous similarity. She has placed hundreds of miles of bare, treeless, prairies in one part of America, and hundreds of miles of thickets and forest in another; the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Missouri Rivers present almost exactly the same appearance for close upon a thousand miles; the cotton fields and sugar plantations of the South seem interminable, but they are all dismally alike, and this resemblance, or rather, this want of diversity in the natural configuration of the country, appears to have extended its influence to its cities and its inhabitants. One large American city is absurdly like another large American city, one embryonic Chicago is the exact replica of every other, and one American train and one American engine are exactly like every other, even when they come from the opposite ends of the Union; and as it is with these material objects, so it is with the people themselves; in a word, both the country and the people are 'standardised,'

that is to say, they are all built very much on one pattern; and it is that race, oppressed by the size of their continent and all that it contains, the most magnificent megalomaniacs the world has ever known, whose influence on England, whether for good or evil is already felt, that the following pages will attempt to portray.

PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN READER

It is an old and true saying that hard words break no bones, and for that reason I have no fear that the frank criticism I am about to level at your civilization will alter by one jot the friendly relations between my country and yours, or lose me the friendship of one single American whose opinion I value.

Uninterrupted material prosperity is good neither for nations nor for men, and you my friend, have had a surfeit of it; you are suffering from what you yourselves call 'swelled head,' and are gradually losing the precious gift of sympathy for other races less happily endowed than yourself.

As it is an eternal truth that every human being, both for the chastening of his pride and the welfare of his soul, should experience at one time in his life the pinch of adversity and should pass through one serious illness, that he may feel the brotherhood of men, so is it equally true that every nation, to be-

come really great, must pass through the fiery furnace of adversity.

You have not yet done so.

Look at the world's history for a moment.

Prussia arose regenerated after the débacle of Jena; France had her Sedan, from which she arose like the Phoenix, purified and strengthened to play a nobler part in the story of the nations than one of mere military conquest; we rough islanders have not passed unscathed through the vicissitudes of a thousand years of our history.

But you, my dear American friend, what have you suffered? What misfortune have you known during the hundred odd years of your existence as a nation?

Your Civil War?

An affair of armed mobs that never threatened your existence as a nation, or struck a deadly blow at your heart. Though it cost you thousands of lives and destroyed millions of property it never paralysed you with fear of invasion.

Secure in your mighty Continent you cannot understand the perpetual fears of less fortunate races who live surrounded by armed and jealous foes.

Except for that insignificant guerilla war to which you owe your existence, a war in

which your ultimate victory was due chiefly to the aid rendered to you at a critical moment by the arms of France, and for that little brush with ourselves in 1812, which you can hardly take seriously, what real misfortune have you ever known? The little affair with Spain a few years back scarcely disturbed the even tenour of your daily existence, though it did reveal a degree of incompetence in high places which one had hoped was confined to the despotic monarchies of the Old World. Stay! An American friend has reminded me that you went to war with Mexico in 1845 and I cannot gainsay the fact. Were you ever in danger of losing though? Was your capital or any of your great cities ever threatened with assault or capture? Did you, even for a moment fancy that the 'greasers' as you call them, might overrun the South? Was your daily commercial life paralysed, or even disturbed, in any degree by that war?

Why, my dear sir, any European state has had so many wars of that description that their very names are scarcely remembered by the multitude.

What you really need more than anything else in the world is a good knock-down blow from someone who can hit hard and is not frightened of hurting you, in order to cure you

of your fatal propensity for talking big and whipping creation and to arouse you from your grossly materialistic slumber.

In that last affair with Spain—the only time you have ever crossed swords with a European nation except ourselves—there could never have been any doubt of your ultimate victory against the obsolete guns and antiquated tactics of the Spaniards; yet you had a shiver of uneasiness when for a few weeks the Spanish fleet disappeared into the unknown. What a good thing for you it would have been had your success been preceded by just one signal disaster—say the destruction of Boston or Philadelphia.

You need something of that kind to make you human.

Now for my views about you.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN READER .	vii
I	THE AMERICANS	3
II	VIGNETTES—NEW YORK	31
III	„ BOSTON	61
IV	CHICAGO AND ITS PROTOTYPE	89
V	'BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER'	117
VI	'L'AMERICANISME, VOILA L'ENNEMI'	141
VII	POLITICS AND THE CONSTITUTION	165
VIII	THE AMERICAN PRESS	203
IX	RAILWAYS AND SPORT	225
X	THE FAILURES OF AMERICA	257
	APPENDIX	281

THE AMERICANS

I

THE AMERICANS

'It is not its cities and its houses that make a country, nor its monuments, nor its wealth, nor its commerce, nor its industries; it is the men and women who inhabit it.'

To this effect, if not in those very words, spoke one of the greatest of America's sons three-quarters of a century ago, and they are as true to-day as they were then.

Suppose that by some terrible devastation of nature the whole material civilisation of America was destroyed; its cities, its mammoth buildings, its 200,000 miles of railroads, its crops, its mines and forests—everything in short that constitutes its wealth. What would remain?

Other civilizations have disappeared or been destroyed. Rome and Greece have gone, but with their almost complete passing even now, 2,000 years later, *something* has remained of

them; the soul of the nation has been preserved for other races and other ages; *that* could not be destroyed. Greece left her art, her literature, her conception of beauty for all time; Rome her law, her order, her method, her sense of duty: these are the priceless heritage of posterity, and have remained centuries after Athens was a heap of crumbling ruins, and not one stone was left standing on another on the Capitol.

Try and think what would remain if American civilization at one fell swoop went the way of that of Rome and Greece; it is not an easy thing to do. Try and think then, what happens when an immensely wealthy man, who is wealthy *and nothing more*, dies; what remains for posterity; what is his memory, and for how long does the world utter his name? It is not his undying fame that endures, because the sole thing he was famous for was dissipated at his death. You know the answer as well as I do; and you know it is the same as the answer to another profound question—‘What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’

What would remain if the material civilization of America disappeared? American art or literature or science? Or American example or chivalry, or nobility or sacrifice, or

anything mankind universally honours? You know what the answer is; for when you try to think of America without the outward visible objects of her power, your mind flies to trusts and syndicates, advertisements and notions, pools and deals, and all the hideous jargon of American commerce; you can scarcely think of anything else.

Wipe out American civilization as it is, and as it has been for a hundred years, and tell me to what extent the world would be a loser.

Let us have a closer look at this new race; let us try and estimate the individual American as a man; let us take a unit of the 90 millions that compose the American nation and see where and how he differs from the Britisher from whom, a very long way back, he is *partly* sprung.

A little incident, slight in itself, but typical of what happens to every single visitor to the Republic, will serve to illustrate the American character in almost every one of its features.

You are a stranger and are being shown over some city by your American host, who is hospitality itself remember.

You walk round his native city prepared to appreciate and admire, and in no mood to criticize too closely, and this is the kind of thing that generally happens.

He takes you to the centre of the city, points out a huge stone building devoid of any architectural expression whatever, and simply remarkable for size and ugliness, and speaks :—

‘City Hall, cost \$100,000, biggest thing in the State, built in less than six months.’

Having recorded your appreciation, as you are in duty bound, you journey on. Not a word is spoken on either side till the next ‘lion’ is reached. This is perhaps a church : then he stops, jerks a thumb towards it, and speaks again.

‘First Baptist Church, cost \$40,000, tallest spire in the State, organ cost \$10,000, finest west of Pittsburg’ (or whatever geographical qualification is most appropriate). ‘Rev. Mr So-and-so preaches to \$2,000,000 of pew-holders here every Sunday morning.’

You see a cold, bald-looking building with a monstrous spire, summon up as much admiration as you can, and proceed to the next. Probably this is the Stock Exchange, and your host is a member.

You inspect the building outside, (cost \$40,000), and enter.

A lot of excited maniacs, some hatless, some coatless, are frantically rushing about, shouting, yelling, tearing their hair, and behaving like Frenchmen in a panic.

There is a struggle going on, someone is endeavouring to create a 'corner' in 'pea nuts' or 'shirt waists'; the Bourse is thrilled with excitement.

There is a panic, men are being broken every moment, and others are grabbing their pile, and seeing visions of European palaces and titled sons-in-law.

Our host regards the scene with pride, indeed he is almost affected to tears.

'Biggest thing that ever happened west of New York City; \$10,000,000 changed hands here this morning; two men shot themselves, three others hopeless lunatics, Boss so-and-so scooped \$2,000,000 clear; see him over there?' And you look round to find a pale, expressionless, money-making automaton, whose value to mankind as a useful worker appears to be about 30/- a week. That is the 'King' whose pile had just been made, and whose wife and daughters will shortly be touring Europe *en prince*, intent on coronets.

Those two phrases, 'cost so many dollars' and 'biggest thing in the world,' are ever present in an American's speech; they are the keynote of his civilization. He worships size and he worships dollars, he is the greatest megalomaniac the world has ever known and, outside his dollars, the most credulous dupe too.

Beauty, worth, intrinsic value are nothing to him, and as long as anything is big, bigger than any other thing of its kind, he is satisfied. He has all the biggest things in the world within his own boundaries; the biggest rivers, the biggest waterfalls, the biggest railways, the biggest buildings, the biggest trade, the biggest disasters, the biggest fires, the biggest Trusts, the biggest 'steals', the biggest quacks, and—to be consistent—the biggest fools, for no man is so easily gulled as he.

By some strange oversight of nature the biggest mountain is still in the old world; it is about the only respect in which America does not whip creation, but so fertile is his inventive genius, and so easily does he believe what tickles his national vanity, that it would never surprise me to hear of some future Dr Cook discovering a peak in the Rockies higher than anything in the Himalayas.

It would so round off the scheme of creation by which it was obviously intended to place all the greatest things in America.

This worship of mere size even stands between him and all the glories of Nature.

The incomparable sylvan beauties of the Thames do not appeal to him, because that river is so tiny; he is thinking of the ugly 4,000 mile-long turbid flood of the Mississippi.

Our own little New Forest does not reach his inner nature, for in America there are forests of illimitable size, and as monotonous to the eye as the never-ending sweep of the prairies.

He carries his only standards of comparison—size and dollars—into everything.

You are a stranger in the land; well, how much are you worth? He will not hesitate to disclose his own monetary value to you; and the fact that Englishmen do not perpetually go about asking each other how many dollars they own, strikes him as peculiar, to say the least of it.

He cannot understand that though we want money as much as any one else in the world, though we struggle for it, work for it, fight for it, and sometimes die for it, that with us there are other things that count; with the *typical* American there is nothing else.

Either you have got dollars and count, or you haven't and don't: there is no half-way house between these two states in America.

He has no high standards of public life or public honour, and the idea of a Foreign Minister or a Premier refusing to avail himself of the inner knowledge that comes to his ears, strikes the American as particularly idiotic. He has no ideals.

And here let me relate an anecdote illustrating the lengths to which his mania for estimating all things in dollars will carry him.

An American clergyman was explaining to a layman the foundations of his belief in Christianity, and after describing the grounds on which he was a believer, he added one final argument to clinch the matter as it were. This is how it ran :—

‘Here was a man,’—referring, of course, to the Saviour,—‘who was a humble carpenter, *a man who probably in all his life was never worth \$500*, and yet his life and teaching have influenced all mankind.’

The appeal to the Saviour’s influence *in spite of his lack of dollars* was to the American mind irresistible.

You see, an American Christ might have formed a ‘corner’ in Christianity.

Do not think for one moment, however, that the American lives to make money, or that the acquisition and retention of gold is the one object of his existence.

It is the strife and struggle that gives him such intense pleasure, into which he puts the whole of his nervous, restless, energy, and in which he is as ruthless as the Red Indians his ancestors fought, and whose likeness he has to some extent assimilated.

He is rarely a miser, nor is he avaricious; that disease indeed seems peculiar to certain parts of Europe, and when he has made his money he allows his wife and daughters to spend it right royally, whilst he himself slaves on at producing it in a routine which has become a second nature to him. He is the machine that grinds the dollars.

Indeed the wealthy American appears to exist chiefly for the purpose of signing cheques to provide money for others to display a gorgeous and barbaric hospitality.

Wilde's dictum about 'success' is terribly true.

'When a man starts life with the *sole* object of *making* money he generally succeeds; that is his punishment.'

And that is how Americans continually punish themselves, and why American civilization, except on its material side, is such a failure, considering the unparalleled opportunity it has had.

Excessive devotion to *anything* to the exclusion of all other interests, until body, mind, and soul are absorbed and eaten up in its acquisition, is a disease; it matters not whether the object be drink or women or dollars, the result is always the same, and that result is moral death. The life-long absorption of

body and mind in the acquisition of wealth leads as surely to the destruction of all the nobler qualities of man as drink inevitably leads to the destruction of the body.

The Inebriate murders his physical being, the confirmed money-getter destroys his soul, and in a higher and more enlightened civilization we shall treat the one as surely as we are now attempting to treat the other.

Both are anti-social, and in the future that is now dawning there will be no place for the anti-social man. The enormous accumulations of capital on the one hand and the continued poverty of the masses on the other, together with the spread of enlightenment and education are beginning to open the eyes of mankind.

The money-egoist will have to reform or he will be segregated in 'homes' and 'retreats' like the drunkard of to-day, and the rapid increase in the number of men who ride roughshod over their fellows is only hastening the advent of that day.

How often do we see a man acquire a vast fortune in trade only to find it squandered by his son in riotous living, in wine, women, and song? The thing is so common that in Lancashire, where more than anywhere else in England such fortunes are acquired, they

have a saying to illustrate this condition—
'clogs, togs, clogs.'

The first generation works in a mill and wears 'clogs' and acquires 'brass,' as Lancashire folk put it; the second generation wears 'togs' and spends the 'brass,' and the third generation returns to 'clogs' once more.

It is the second generation that the world has always condemned; the prodigal son who wastes his father's substance, the ne'er-do-well, the wastrel, the good-for-nothing idler as we contemptuously call him. Towards him the finger of scorn is ever pointed, we say he is a degenerate, whilst for his father, the successful founder of the fortune, there is always praise and honours and the esteem of the world.

Yet why should the hard-working self-denying father so frequently be cursed with this reprobate of a son? Why should the first generation be all that is worthy and the second all that is bad? Why should the degeneracy always begin at the son? But does it?

The same blood flows in the veins of both, and surely the character and disposition must bear a resemblance, or else we are driven to the conclusion that heredity is of no consequence, or that it acts in a see-saw manner, oscillating between good and bad.

There is another explanation, one to which

one of the greatest of England's authorities on the brain* lends the weight of his name, one that men will gradually perceive to be the true one.

The degeneracy does not begin at the second generation, and the son is not the only one to blame; the degeneracy begins with the first generation—only there it takes a different form.

The intense egoism and the moral obliquity that so often accompany the acquisition of great sums of money are in themselves evidences of a low moral organisation, and the successful father—the one who is honoured—is himself a degenerate. In the son it takes a different form, that is all.

The morbid craving to get rich at all costs in the first generation, is succeeded by a morbid craving for debauchery in the second; both are excesses, both show a warped humanity, both are anti-social.

It is a revolutionary idea, but I have not the least doubt that it is the true one. All great ideas are revolutionary, but then this world is yet in its infancy playing with toys it scarcely understands, and all it fails to grasp it puts aside as revolutionary. Nineteen hundred years ago this eternal truth was first promul-

* Dr Mott, F.R.S.

gated and taught, but only here and there has one perceived it. In America the problem is more acute than anywhere else because it is so widespread. Men go to America from every corner of the globe to better themselves, to get money quickly—not to develop the minds and bodies and realize their destinies—and many succeed.

It is the land of opportunity—that is of material opportunity. That is why the problem of the degenerate millionaire and the degenerate millionaire's son is so pressing there, and why the millionaire puts his son into harness in the factory or the workshop—when he can do so—so that he may continue the money-getting form of egoism, rather than adopt some other form of viciousness.

Some wealthy men have a faint glimmering perception of this truth; Carnegie has declared that it is a crime to die wealthy, and out of his immense fortune is scattering public libraries broadcast over England and America. It is a form of salve and ointment for the sores of humanity, and incidentally an anodyne for the rich man's conscience.

The American who has 'arrived', whose pile is made, may travel, he may make the grand tour of Europe in 21 days or less, but he sees

nothing of the Old World but a succession of palatial steamers, sycophantic hotel keepers, and trains de luxe, for his mind is a blank except in one respect. He has nothing to bring with him to enable him to see Europe—except dollars—and these he soon finds do not help him; so he returns to the dollarmills of Chicago or Kansas City, leaves his wife and daughters to 'do' Europe, and declares the Old World is played out. If he could only understand he would know that *he* is the one who is really played out, the man who is old before he is young, the man who has mistaken the strife for money the true purpose and end of life.

The author is not so foolish as to try and indict a whole nation, but you can indict the mass of it, the average typical unit whose aggregation makes the nation, and judged in that way, it is quite logical to declare that Americans, in spite of their wealth, commerce, resource, and ingenuity, are still for all intents and purposes, but the children of the world, just as the Jews are its debt collectors.

So much for two of the prominent characteristics of the American, his insane craving for dollars and his preposterous notion that size means worth; now let us look at another.

In this little island we are rather proud of

our old men, those fine old fellows who bear in their wrinkled faces and silvered locks the traces of a fight well fought, whose hearts are ever young, who look on the world, in spite of advancing years, with the glad and joyous spirit of a boy; these have ever been England's glory, and long may she breed them.

The extraordinary youth of the Anglo-Saxon race in Britain is due to these grand young-old men.

Where do you find their counterpart in America?

It may be the climate, the atmosphere, the artificial unhealthy life, the mingling of many races, the utter absorption in commerce, the sternness, the hardness, the ruthlessness of a competition whose watchword is 'this is where friendship ends,' or all combined; but the fact remains that you will find none of these jolly old dogs in the New World. You can't imagine the Cheeryble Brothers in Chicago, Illinois, can you?

The average American is a taller man than the average Englishman, though in the case of each country the variations in height are very considerable, and no exact data of comparison are available.

In each case the smallest men are to be found in the poorer quarters of their respective

capitals; the biggest Americans, physically speaking, come from the mountains of Kentucky, the prairies of Ohio and the West, and the Pacific slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

The length of limb, so often to be noticed in those Americans whose life and occupation are purely of an outdoor nature, is remarkable, and fully accounts for their skill and excellence in many branches of sport; there is also a freedom and ease of movement about them, which, though far from graceful, has its distinct advantages, and is rarely seen amongst the inhabitants of the Old World.

You rarely meet an American who is 'stocky', and the heavy, burly, beefy, overfed type of men who appear to be almost bursting through their clothes and have arms like a leg of mutton—the kind of men who throng the small provincial towns of England on market days, and who seem to have so much in common with their own fat pigs and fat cattle—have practically no counterpart in America.

The average Englishman is probably a more heavily-built man than the average American could you but compare them class for class; the square shoulders, the great muscular development, and the general impression of sturdiness of the best physical types in England, are not often to be found in the New World; but as com-

pensating advantages, the American is quicker in movement, quicker in speech, and quicker in thought.

He is more impatient, more impulsive, far more accessible to new ideas, and far more eager to make experiments, with the result that he has frequently to do a thing several times before he does it in the right way; the Englishman, far slower in making up his mind how a thing should be done, has generally only to do it once.

That is one great difference between the two races.

The Americans do not convey to a stranger the impression of being either a healthy or a long-lived race.

The clear skin and the ruddy complexion, which we are perhaps too prone to associate with rude health, are generally conspicuous by their absence on the other side of the Atlantic, and to see a woman, and still less a man of that type, is quite a rare event.

The climate and the air are no doubt partly responsible for this, for rosy cheeks do not grow naturally in the New World; in the damp, misty, rainy atmosphere of these islands, washed by the northern seas, man and nature come slowly to maturity, but in the clear, dry, electrical air of the American

plains they shoot up rapidly as if they were breathing oxygen.

American plants and American flowers show this same characteristic of rapid growth, but it has its drawbacks, for with it, unfortunately, there comes too often premature and rapid decay, both in mankind and in nature, and the one outstanding impression, apparent even to the most careless observer, is the extraordinary absence of old people in the streets of American cities.

America is typically a young man's country, and the extent to which youth controls the enterprises of the nation is astounding to Europeans.

We 'have no use for old men,' says the flip-pant American press, and that is perfectly true, but whether it is either the greatest wisdom or the highest ideal of life to force humanity, as a gardener forces a hot-house plant, and then, after a few years of strenuous existence, to toss it carelessly aside like a worn out machine, is a question that may well be doubted, and one that time alone will answer.

There is always the immigrant shoal from Europe to fill up the gaps created by those who fall by the wayside.

That the American is a hard worker will readily be admitted by all who know him, and

the development of the Continent is an unanswerable proof of his physical energy; but whether he works harder than the men of other races is an entirely different question and one that may well be doubted.

He is a *quick* worker and the impression gained by watching a gang of American workmen is one of relentless energy, but he does not last well; he takes it out of himself so much that he tires quickly and is very soon exhausted. After the age of thirty-five he is not wanted by employers. There is little in his nature of the plodding industry of the Dutch, or of the careful methodical labour of the German, and whilst he is wonderfully ingenuous, especially at devising anything to save labour, he does not possess such a perennial fund of original ideas as the French.

He is a 'hustler' of the deepest dye, but hustling is not necessarily work, and one of his defects is to talk far too much about what he is going to do and how quickly he is going to do it; he is always up to his eyes in work, and so embarrassed by it that occasionally the work is left uncompleted, and that, one ventures to suggest, accounts in a measure for the half-finished appearance of so many things in his country, the look of untidiness and slovenliness that arrests the eye on every hand.

He has no mind for detail, and the patient persevering labour that the arts and sciences exact from men are irksome to his restless nature, so that he rarely produces any really good or enduring work. He wants to see a thing done, it matters not how, as long as it is done, and for this reason a great deal of American work is shoddy and would not pass muster in Europe. He is a splendid salesman and a superb commercial traveller, but as a manufacturer he is only second rate.

Some years ago the Midland Railway Company of England bought a number of engines from America for their goods traffic, but after the first instalment had been tested they did not repeat the experiment; the engines did not wear well in actual work, they did not last, and in the end they were found to be more expensive than those built in England, though the initial cost was less; that is but a solitary instance of badly finished work, but the same story could be told *ad infinitum*, and is very generally evident in America.

There is a want of finish and completeness about nearly all American work. Everything in America illustrates this fact; the public buildings, the railways and tramcars, the roads and streets, the articles in the shops, the parks and public spaces, the private resi-

dences, and even the culture of the opulent; all is raw and unfinished.

The American is an incessant talker, he will talk about himself, his family, his business, his dollars, his religion, and his country, so unreservedly, that in half an hour's time you are made pretty well acquainted with all that there is worth knowing about him; you know his history from his cradle to the present moment; he is so expansive, that to a sympathetic listener he will talk about himself 'clear down to his boots,' as he would say, but unfortunately he expects you to do the same in return, and that is one reason why, at heart, he does not really love an Englishman.

The American carries his nature on the surface and keeps little hidden by way of reserve.

You may go into his office and find him entirely immersed in work, so busy with it, he will tell you, that he has scarcely time to sneeze, yet that same man will waste a solid hour talking to you about it.

He is a patriot of an extremely aggressive type, and were his country an infant state struggling to be free, instead of the mighty and independent one it is, he could scarcely be more clannish in his sense of nationality. One would almost imagine he went to sleep wrapped in the folds of the Stars and Stripes.

He will barely allow that there are any other countries in the world, so obsessed is he with the supremacy of his own in peace and war, and should any dispute arise between him and his neighbour, he immediately talks big about 'whipping' him and teaching him a lesson, serenely confident that he is able to do so.

He is the biggest bluffer God ever made.

He is a puritan at heart, and has all the puritan contempt for mere beauty, but that element in his character is so mingled with the characteristics of the many races that go to make up the American nation, that it does not always appear on the surface, but it is there right enough, and shows itself from time to time in many unexpected quarters.

The Americans are a race of many sects but no established religion.

The Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, are all numerous and about equal in numbers, resembling in their worship the similar denominations in England: the Episcopal Church of America, the offshoot of the Anglican Church, which is the church of the wealthy classes of America, follows the liturgy of the parent body. The edifices are large and often beautiful, or at least striking, the congregations are numerous and generally well-to-do; the preachers are

often eloquent after the American fashion of eloquence, which is not the eloquence of other nations; but with all this there is an almost total absence of that simple spirit of humility which is generally regarded as the very essence of religious worship; the aggressive equality innate in the American mind, the result of one century of 'triumphant democracy,' speaks aloud even in the church.

There is one characteristic common to the worship of all the religious bodies of America which instantly strikes an unpleasing note in an Englishman's mind, and that, I regret to say, is the apparent want of reverence.

The incomes of ministers of religion in America are extremely liberal, in a few cases they are even princely. They, too, share the national failing of thinking in dollars, and their sermons are largely illustrated with phrases of a financial nature. You see they have to speak in the way the congregation understands best. A man who can 'draw' large congregations is eagerly sought after and snapped up by the church that offers him the highest salary. This is known as having a 'call,' and is not unknown in England, but the Americans do it on a more lavish scale.

Not uncommonly a preacher who has made a name in England is translated to some

wealthy and prominent church in America, and several names will no doubt occur to the reader.

The emolument—blessed word—is generally about treble of what it is in England, but then the cost of living is much higher, for we are always assured by the recipient that the ‘loaves and fishes’ are really no bigger and that it is only his tender solicitude for the souls of the plutocrats of New York and Boston and Philadelphia that lure him away from Old England.

On the other hand, many American divines have ‘invaded’ England from time to time, lecturing, preaching, touring, being lionised, and incidentally making money.

Exchange is no robbery.

Standing outside all these churches is the Church of Rome which, owing to the continual influx of Southern Europeans, added to the original Catholic population which, in States like California, Louisiana and Maryland, was already considerable, threatens to become the most numerous religious body in America; but the Roman Catholicism of the New World, in spite of all that may be contended to the contrary, is not quite the same as that of the Old; just as the American Jew is different to the English Jew : both the Roman Church and

the Hebrew race have fallen under the influence of their surroundings. There is, however, a coolness between Rome and America, and the Vatican has not yet forgiven the Americans for humbling the pride of Spain.

A Frenchman once remarked that England possessed one sauce and a hundred religions, and the latter part of his criticism would have been equally true if it had been applied to America.

There are certain qualities in the American character which tend to eroticism in matters of religion, yet the eroticism generally rests on a good sound financial basis, for 'fancy' religions pay well in America.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia can turn out one finished engine a day, and the forty-nine States of the Union can, and do, turn out one finished religion per annum; the latest production being a sect who call themselves the 'Holy Ghosters,' whose leader's career came to an inglorious end in a police cell.

The Latter-Day Saints, more commonly known as the Mormons, with their curious blend of sensualism, devotion, and keen business instincts, have prospered exceedingly in Salt Lake City.

Driven first from the Eastern States and

secondly from Illinois by the unfriendly attentions of their 'gentile' neighbours, they made one bold and final move into the wilderness of Utah which they tamed and conquered, but now they are once more overwhelmed by the flood of advancing immigration, and polygamy, the cardinal doctrine of Mormonism, has at length been suppressed by the American government—though it still raises its head in secret places--and many an ignorant and misguided girl is still being lured from the Old World by specious promises into the harems of the Mormon capital.

The American is the most luxurious race of modern days, and their ostentatious display of wealth exceeds anything that was ever known in ancient Rome, but on the other hand they do not even know the meaning of that simple Anglo-Saxon word *comfort*.

The bizarrerie of some wealthy Americans almost passes belief.

It is the fashion of many American millionaires to model their lives on the lines of a grand seigneur of the Middle Ages, and to surround themselves with a retinue of satellites of every possible description; they have their private physician, their private secretary and their private stenographer, and when they travel they traverse the continent *en prince*

in their own private train, like our own Royalty, and when they cross the ocean it is on their own private yacht, and they find it necessary to protect their children from being kidnapped by retaining two or three private detectives; but their greatest achievement is to possess a private chaplain who will doubtless pilot them, according to his lights, along a private road to Heaven, where they will no doubt occupy a private seat, and be surrounded by a private halo.

The chaplain is probably a very necessary attendant.

Some go even further than this, for at least one trust magnate has employed a battalion of armed detectives to overawe the strikers at his works; in fact, there seems to be only one thing that lies beyond the reach of the American millionaire, and even that he goes very close to possessing in his own country—he would like to own a private court of law, and for its annexe, a private execution-ground to dispose of all those who presume to differ from him.

Perhaps one day that, too, will come.

The American millionaire has not yet been canonised by the Fathers of the Church, though he is enshrined in the hearts of his own people, who worship him with a reverence

that is almost pure idolatry; the canonisation may yet occur, and some day perhaps there will be pilgrimages to the shrine of an American Lourdes, where the bones of St Rockefeller, St Morgan, and St Carnegie will work miraculous cures, not on the palsied limbs, but on the empty purses of the devout, and healing oil—Anglo-American, of course—will gush from the soil, and the fields of the faithful will be strewn with ingots of silver.

Some Americans still regard America as the land of Democracy.

VIGNETTES—NEW YORK

II

VIGNETTES—NEW YORK

A CLEAR blue sky, an atmosphere so electrical that you have to work whether you wish to or not, a monstrous statue rising from a small flat island, innumerable little two- or three-decked steamers passing over the waters of the harbour, a white spidery bridge rising high above the distant houses, and a jagged line of sky-scrapers cutting the air sharply, and towering aloft; that is the impression of the gateway of the New World as seen from an incoming ocean liner.

As we get nearer, these objects resolve themselves into entities; the statue represents Liberty, and is the gift of France, the bridge is seen to connect New York proper with Brooklyn on Long Island, and rises clear above the masts of the tallest vessels; the sky-scrapers, 10, 20, and 30 stories high, are all grouped around the very point of the narrow neck of Manhattan Island, and are an attempt to obtain space by building up into the air,

where length and breadth on the ground below are wanting.

The lofty, yet graceful bridge, the harbour teeming with vessels and abounding in life, the mammoth buildings, all arouse one's expectations, and prepare the mind for something worthy of the greatest city in the New World.

But immediately one lands there is disillusionment; here, as everywhere in America, a closer inspection disappoints, and all is seen to be outward show.

Rows of paltry wooden quays, and white-washed wooden sheds take the place of brick and granite docks and warehouses; outside (after the Customs have insulted you—*more Americano*) one sees a wide, dirty, horribly-paved roadway, disfigured by gaunt wooden telegraph poles; along the road runs a line of obsolete broken-down horse cars; ramshackle vehicles driven by negroes clatter by on every side, trains drawn by dirty and unkempt engines run along the centre of the roadway; everywhere there is disorder, noise, untidiness, and an air of everything having been thrown down and left unfinished. That is the lower part of New York city, and the same description will apply to the industrial part of any other city in America.

Into this city, the chief gateway of the New World, there pours annually a flood of the distressed, the discontented and the adventurous of Europe : the bold and the timid, the strong and the weak, the healthy and the diseased, the honest worker and the criminal, all make for New York as their goal, possessed with one sole idea; to get money, and to get it quickly, too.

But they do not all succeed in getting into America, for America has learnt her lesson, and no longer admits everyone. At one period for decade after decade the refuse of Europe poured into America unchecked, but America is wiser now, and like Canada, she picks and chooses, and every immigrant has to pass through an ordeal more searching than any that England has ever dreamed of imposing on her aliens.

The newcomer has to be vaccinated if he can't show a decent mark on his arms, he has to be free from obvious disease, he has to show that he has some chance of earning a living or possess a certain sum of money, and he has to have some sort of record in the land he left; all this is reasonable, yet the Puritan element still lurking in the American mind crops out in the fact that he must not be with somebody else's wife; but this rigour was not always

the case, and when one thinks of the vast hordes that have been swept into America during the last 50 years, one regards with amazement the idea that Britain and America are still kindred nations, members of one Anglo-Saxon family, and that Americans are only transplanted Englishmen, as Emerson called them.

The stream has varied in character but it never ceases to flow.

At one time the Irish were the predominant race, at another the Germans, now it is the Italians, and the many races of South-eastern Europe.

Italian immigration which has been steadily flowing into New York, Baltimore and New Orleans for many years past is beginning to leave its mark on America.

Nearly all railroad construction and a large amount of the rougher labouring work of the country is carried out by Italians; a large part of the lower end of New York city is almost entirely inhabited by that Latin race, and it will in time—if things progress at their present rate—become a nice point as to whether the German, the Irish or the Italian element shall predominate in the city: the native American element, sterile as it is, showing every promise of occupying a very

secondary position, and it takes more than one generation to turn a Calabrian peasant or a Russian Moujik into an American citizen. To many of these America is really a land of liberty compared to the one they left—Russia for example.

The city of New York, built on Manhattan Island, resembles in shape the long tapering finger of a woman. The root joins it to the American Continent, the sides are washed by the Hudson and the East rivers respectively; the tip, the oldest part, where once stood the Battery and Castle Gardens, through which so many thousands of immigrants have passed, looks towards Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Only one or two railroads penetrate into New York proper, though when the great tunnels of the Pennsylvania line under the Hudson river are completed,* and their mammoth terminus—need I say the greatest in the world—is built, that richest and best of American lines will run right into the heart of Broadway.

For some reason the American is not a great hand at boring tunnels, and these particular ones are being constructed by an English firm. When the American sees a hill standing in the line of a railway he walks round it, and

* *Now opened.*

lets his cars wobble over the badly laid tracks at angles that account for the frequency and magnitude of his railway disasters. As many are killed and injured every year on his railroads as fall in a decent-sized modern war. This, however, is but another proof of the grandeur of American civilization, and when he reads about it the American glows with patriotic pride, just as he does when he tells you how many million dollars are spent on suppers at Broadway restaurants on New Year's Eve.

For that, to him, is the true test of greatness. His eye kindles, his heart gladdens, his soul expands with joy, and he says to himself—and perhaps to you as well, for he is not reticent—this alone is God's own country.

The tip of the City, so narrow that one could almost throw a stone across it, very gradually widens as it passes inland, and between the two sides of the finger run ten or eleven broad straight streets, all parallel to one another; these are the avenues numbered 1 to 10. Crossing them at right angles are the streets, which, near the lower and older part of the City—'down town' as it is called—have names; but after a dozen or so had been christened in this way, either because Ameri-

can fertility in nomenclature failed, or because American history had no more names left wherewith to designate them, the remaining two or three hundred cross streets lost all individuality whatever, and became numbers just like convicts.

Thus a man will tell you he lives at 3002, West 152nd Street. It has, doubtless, quite a homelike sound to the American, but not to others.

I am not sure, however, that he is not right in numbering his streets instead of giving them names, for one American street resembles another so closely that you could no more tell them apart than you could distinguish one of a batch of prisoners all alike, and all covered with broad arrows. Individuality and character are unknown factors in the external appearance of American streets.

The first impression gained of New York City is that of a vast collection of buildings, all absurdly alike, placed where they are to do duty for a few years, and then to make way for something bigger. Everything is incomplete and unfinished, nothing seems to be permanent. You cannot regard these buildings as *homes*, where everything is perpetually changing.

The one-storey wooden shanty is replaced in

a few years' time by the three-storey brick house, the brick house gives way to a five-storey steel and concrete flat, the flat becomes an immense caravanserai 7, 10, or 15 floors high with a double service of lifts, (one slow and stopping at every floor, the other express and making only 2 or 3 stops on its way heavenward) hundreds of bedrooms, an orchestra, and every convenience that luxury can devise.

In this way New York is continually being rebuilt and replaced by something newer and bigger, so that when a New Yorker asks you for an impression of his City you are puzzled for an answer.

Which New York is it you have to judge, where all is in a state of transition?

When you think of Paris or Vienna or Edinburgh you think of a city where every great building is designed for a certain purpose, which will last for centuries if need be, and where the streets have arisen with the ordered growth of centuries. Not so New York. There the buildings are but husks of brick and steel, devoid of feature or character, impressing only by their size, and looking more like the temporary structures of an exhibition city than the permanent abodes of men.

The tip of Manhattan Island—‘down town’—contains all the business elements of the city, the great steamship and insurance offices, the banks, the Exchange, the City Hall and Wall Street, and round the sides of this part are grouped the many piers which serve to accommodate the steamers that go to Europe, Asia, and South and Central America.

On the side facing the East River lies the East End of New York, whose central thoroughfare is the celebrated ‘Bowery’, the chief haunt of the New York ‘tough.’ The more central part of the island contains the great hotels, the mansions of Fifth Avenue, the great departmental stores and Central Park; whilst beyond this and further towards the mainland lies the vast and ever-increasing residential district, where New York sleeps. Every morning between seven and nine all the outer part of New York goes by ‘Tube’ and elevated railway to that one little portion of the city where skyscrapers abound, and Wall Street reigns supreme; and every evening between five and six—the ‘rush hour’—thousands and thousands of men and women fight like maniacs to get a seat or hang on a strap in trains or cars to carry them home. There is nothing like it in London or any other place, for the city of London has many

diverging exits for its workers, whilst New York has only two, one to Brooklyn over the bridge, or by the river ferries, and one 'up town' by the subway.

It is a sight that has no parallel elsewhere, and one carries away from it an unpleasant impression of the savage ruthlessness of American life.

When an Englishman or a Frenchman from the provinces visits London or Paris for the first time in his life, he can with ease spend in either capital a week, a month, or a year, according to his temperament, packed with the realization of his boyhood's imaginings. He sees before his eyes the history of his country, almost every building bears some impress of the past, and almost every tower and every pinnacle is some landmark with a meaning attached to it.

Not so New York or Chicago. In a couple of days, or even less, a provincial American can exhaust either, for short though their history may be—though New York is now nearly 300 years old—they have so ruthlessly used themselves up for mere utility that scarce a trace of their older selves now remains.

The City of 1880 even has almost disappeared; 30 years ahead the city of to-day will have gone.

Even Grace Church, the historic Church of New York, whose spire was for so long the most prominent landmark of the City, is now completely hidden by the surrounding skyscrapers.

It may seem a little unfair to compare New York with three centuries of a past to London or Paris with ten or twelve; the one cannot have the associations and the attractions of the other two, nor would one do so but for the fact that Americans insist on a comparison, and demand that their greatest city shall be placed in the same category as the capitals of the Old World.

Only for that reason does one become outspoken.

New York has, however, some lions to show her visitors. Here is a little list of them :—

The Brooklyn Bridge,

The City Hall,

Broadway,

The Bowery,

Central Park,

Fifth Avenue,

Any one of a half-dozen caravanserais, such
as the 'Waldorf Astoria,'

The Skyscrapers,

The Zoo,

Coney Island,

Wanamaker's Stores.

I should, if I had written this ten years ago, have included the Elevated Railroads, but since the advent of the 'Subway'—*Anglicé* Tube—the same scenes are now witnessed to greater advantage on the latter, the same frantic struggles, the same fights for seats, the same indecent haste, the same incivility, which all thrills the American with pride, and which he longs to introduce into London, but cannot succeed in doing.

The 'Elevated,' now, alas, unfashionable, can easily be pictured by the European. Put the scaffolding of a viaduct in front of your house as high as the first storey, leave everything about it unprotected, so as to give the pedestrians in the roadway a little mild excitement as they walk underneath it, get someone to shoot sacks of coal into your cellar all day at intervals of two or three minutes, and you have a picture of what living in a street where it runs is like.

Also darken your windows at frequent intervals.

Broadway, towards its lower end, is a chasm running between lofty gorges formed by skyscrapers, and being perfectly straight is swept from end to end by the piercing winds of a New York winter. In summer the immense

height of the buildings almost completely hides it from the sun, but it is insufferably hot, because the brick and stone absorb the sun's rays, and during the torrid days of July and August they never cool.

That is why one hears of so many deaths during the annual heat waves, especially when some enterprising capitalist has cornered the ice supply, and run up the price of that necessity of life beyond the purchasing power of the multitude.

Coney Island is New York's seaside corner, and there you see the New Yorker at play. Imagine the tripper parts of Southend, Margate and Blackpool on a Bank Holiday, add to them the side shows of Earl's Court and the White City enlarged and multiplied, and you will have some slight conception of the pandemonium of Coney Island. Everything is temporary and artificial, and the beauties of Nature seem to be almost entirely left out of the picture. There is the sea of course, for that is the one thing the advertising spirit of America cannot yet desecrate, but even the beach is boarded over by planks so that it resembles the sidewalks of a city.

It is not the place for the tired mind and jaded nerves of the overwrought worker of the City.

Every device for thrills and shocks to the nerves that the inventive genius of man can devise is here at work, and one emerges from the 'pleasures' of the Island a limp and pitiable mass of quivering humanity. It is no wonder there are so many nervous breakdowns in the land, and that so many men need a 'rest cure' to restore their energies.

The City Hall, the Bowery, and Fifth Avenue may be dismissed in a few words. The first is a replica of the City Hall of any other great city of America, and is conspicuous only for size. The Bowery, now somewhat shorn of its ancient glory, is the Scotland Road of New York, and that kind of conglomeration of saloons, gambling hells, dancing halls, and more shady institutions is no longer interesting to mankind; and Fifth Avenue, the centre of the City's fashionable life, is a conspicuous example of unparalleled wealth unadorned by taste.

But it is by night that New York 'dizzies and appals,' as John Henry Newman would have said.

A stroll along Broadway after dark is like a pilgrimage through Dante's Inferno. Hurrying crowds shoulder one another off the pavement, boys are roller skating everywhere, there is an incessant clanging of bells and

motor horns, nigger-driven drays, loose of joint, rattle along the uneven paving of the roadway, the line of tramcars is almost continuous, policemen, to direct the traffic and assist pedestrians, are almost non-existent—their chief duty is to put to sleep the toughs and hooligans, who infest and make dangerous the narrow riverside streets—the sky, twinkling with stars, is seen far above the lofty buildings as through the aperture of a camera. But the most bewildering sights of all are the skysigns.

An illuminated cascade of Niagara leaps from about the 20th storey of a building to the ground: that is somebody's soda-water advertising its sparkling quality; far away up in the sky as it seems, a gigantic lady is fluttering her skirts in the breeze to illustrate somebody else's shoeshine; on the other side of the road a man's umbrella is being incessantly blown inside out; travelling figures—all illuminated—run across the façades of lofty buildings. A baseball match is being played on the screen outside the office of a New York paper, and an excited crowd punctuates each stroke with cheers or groans, whilst every now and then the search light of some building casts its blinding radiance along the gorge-like streets.

It is no place for men who drink too freely, and one can now understand the general sobriety, as far as alcohol is concerned, of modern America.

But it may well turn out that there are other equally disastrous ways of ruining the nervous system, for alcohol is not the only enemy of a sane and well-ordered life.

To sleep in an overheated room—replete though it may be with every luxury—to have a hot bath and then go out into the icy winds of a New York winter; to fight for a place on the Subway with a score of others pulling you back; to sit all day with a telephone at one ear, and an eye on a tape machine that is either making or breaking your fortune, with the infernal din of typewriters all round you; to scramble through a lightning lunch; to drink pints of iced water; to eat cakes that resemble nothing so much as hot leather; that is not the acme of civilized man, but it is the goal towards which modern America is tending.

And this, mind you, is what Englishmen are invited and urged to copy, when they are told to hustle.

New York is the greatest and most populous of American cities, and will probably always remain so, but it is not the capital.

Chicago hopes one day to rival it in size, and openly boasts of doing so, but in spite of many advantages that the capital of the West possesses, New York, as the chief gateway of the New World, will probably always retain its pre-eminence, for a considerable fraction of the immigration from Europe never gets any further into the interior of America than Manhattan Island.

But New York has other ambitions. It has already outstripped Paris in numbers, and hopes one day to exceed London itself.

It may do so, but of that I have my doubts.

Already in order to swell itself it takes in populations which do not rightfully belong to it, but that is a weakness common to most great cities. Liverpool and Manchester do it shamelessly, until one is sometimes faced by the fact (in a railway prospectus say) that the population of either of these Lancashire towns is greater than that of the whole county of Lancashire. In the same way New York City will doubtless in time become more populous than the whole of the Empire State, which stretches 400 miles across, and has at its other end the town of Buffalo—to mention but one—a place about as big as Nottingham.

Apart from numbers New York is not a capital city.

Washington, in the district of Columbia, is the seat of the National Legislature where the President resides and where the two houses of Congress deliberate—a rather obsolete word over here I fancy; Boston is the chief literary and academic city of America, Chicago rules the West, San Francisco the Pacific Slope, New Orleans the South, whilst Philadelphia and Baltimore have both claims that cannot well be ignored, though it is the fashion to sneer at the 'Quaker City' as the town where grass grows in the streets. The Press of New York does not dominate the Press of America as the Press of Paris rules and represents France, far from it: it is simply the loudest of half a dozen loud voices speaking for America; nor is New York the undisputed leader in the drama, the arts and the sciences; it is only one of several.

Its chief claims to fame rest on its position as the clearing house for the immigrant hordes from Europe, its pre-eminence as a gambling hell in stocks and shares, its sky-scrapers, and its possession of a large proportion of the wealthy plutocrats who constitute 'Society' in America. England has its upper 'ten thousand,' New York its '400.'

It is not even the capital of its own State, for Albany, half way across the State, a little

city on the Hudson River, is the seat of the State Legislature. It has not been found desirable to allow State Legislatures in America to sit and work in the atmosphere of the great cities; at Albany a State Legislature is 'safer,' away from the influence of Trusts and Corporations, but in spite of this precaution State Legislatures are bodies wherein corruption and bribery— 'graft,' to speak in the language of America—are carried to an extent to which we in Europe have no parallel.

The New York Police Force is not noted for its courtesy to the public, nor does there exist between police and public the almost affectionate relations that prevail in London.

If you are so unwise as to ask a question of a member of the force—such as the way to a particular spot for example—you may get an answer and you may not; in the former case the tone and manner of the reply will probably astound you and make you decide that you will not repeat the experiment in a hurry. Only an Englishman would question a New York 'bobby,' the American is far too sensible to invite a rebuff.

You must not expect a rough Connemara youth, clothed in the splendid uniform of the New York Police, and invested with all the majesty of the Law, and armed with a revolver

and a club to be a guide, philosopher, and friend to every wandering pedestrian. The streets and avenues run in straight lines and are numbered; you are expected to know them, but *he* is there to maintain order, and to fight 'toughs,' and to hit people on the head with a club whenever there is a row, and to feather his nest as quickly and as completely as he can; not to pilot timid females over a dangerous crossing, or to point out to country cousins where the City Hall is.

New York is emphatically not the city for the philosopher to moralize in the streets, nor for the boulevardier to stroll through.

The concise direction to be seen in every American park, and in every spot where the public are forbidden to go, applies most particularly to the police—'keep off.'

It is wiser.

The New York Police are a splendid set of men *physically*, but their moral qualities, judging from their history and from recent exposures, leaves a certain amount of room for improvement.

One would hardly describe them as '15,000 moral miracles in blue.'

It is true they have a most difficult population to deal with; aliens from Eastern and Southern Europe, Chinese, negroes, Japs, and

other Asiatic races, who have not the Englishman's traditional love of law and order, and who are accustomed to carry firearms and other deadly weapons, and use them freely too, as well as the home-grown American 'tough' and 'crook,' who is by no means a lamb-like creature.

Unless the police were armed with revolvers they would be of little use against a 'sandbag' in some dark corner 'down town' near the docks, where the streets leading to the Ferries are not particularly safe after nightfall.

When one compares the New York Police Force with that of London it must not be forgotten that it is a turbulent, lawless, alien population with whom they have largely to contend, and that New York abounds in gambling hells and other illicit and dangerous resorts, and has what the Americans call a 'Tenderloin' quarter, and that life is held in little respect.

Clearly the New York Police could never afford to go about their duties unarmed; nevertheless, the carrying of revolvers and clubs has led to individual officers becoming exceedingly free and easy in the use of those weapons. The club is 'out' on the least provocation, and the offence of 'resisting the police' is an infrequent one in New York.

But whilst in dealing with the difficult problem of maintaining order the New York Police carries out its duties with energy and resolution, in some far graver matters it fails deplorably. It expects to be extremely well paid for protecting the public. No police force is immaculate. Petty offences on the part of its individual members are not unknown in England and elsewhere—the acceptance of tips and little bribes to ‘wink the other eye,’ and such like trivial matters where police human nature, like all other, is not immaculate—but there has never been anything of the nature of an organized system of blackmail and corruption, an alliance between the law and the criminal, as has been the case in America. The police in England do not connive at crime, nor do they work hand in glove with the criminal population, nor defy public opinion; yet recent revelations, and others not quite recent, show that almost incredible occurrences of that nature can take place in New York.

There is a certain section of the New York Police known as the ‘Strong Arm Squad,’ whose special duty is to look after the gambling saloons and other illicit resorts of the city, and at its head was until recently a certain Lieutenant Becker.

Last summer (1912) the Public Prosecutor of New York received a sworn deposition from a man named Hermann Rosenthal, a gambling saloon proprietor, to the effect that Becker, whose duty it was to raid and suppress these saloons, was himself a patron of one of them, and that he also resorted to other illegitimate devices to augment his salary.

Quickly on the heels of this serious charge came a dramatic and altogether unprecedented dénouement.

The day after the deposition Rosenthal was murdered outside a public restaurant at the corner of 43rd Street and 6th Avenue—a prominent part of New York City—by four men, who after the crime escaped in a motor car unchallenged, and without any interference by the police, and under circumstances strongly suggesting complicity.

Then came another sensation when the Public Prosecutor ordered the arrest of Lieutenant Becker on the charge of instigating and planning the murder of Rosenthal to put an end to the latter's revelations. Yet even that was not the end, for some weeks later a notorious crook named Zelig came forward alleging that he had been hired by Becker to procure a gang of 'gunmen' to encompass the death of Rosenthal. Zelig in his turn on his

turning King's evidence was murdered in a public tramcar. Evidently it is not wise to criticise the police in New York. The one other material witness, an Englishman named Coupe, who actually saw the murder of Rosenthal (being a night clerk at a club opposite to the spot where he was murdered), very wisely left for England, but not before he had been warned by two visitors of what might happen to him if he stayed and gave evidence. His departure from this land of liberty under these circumstances was not altogether surprising.

Becker, after the delay usual in America, was tried, and though he himself and his counsel tried their hardest to terrorize and hypnotise the jury and the witnesses, was found guilty and sentenced to be electrocuted.

Of course he has appealed, and there the matter now rests.

Now, apart from the guilt or innocence of Becker, these revelations of corruption are no new thing in America, nor are they confined to the police force of New York. Right through all its history the police force and Municipal Council of New York have been corrupt, and 'graft' has been made possible by the corruption of those in high places.

Two separate commissions have sat on the

police force and condemned it. Yet it still flourishes because there is no real force of public opinion against civic corruption in the city.

In the Sixties Boss Tweed and his accomplices robbed the city of millions of dollars, yet a few years later after his flight, the same unblushing robbery of the public purse was going on.

Some years ago there was a notorious case of a police murder in New York, and the actual manufacturing of evidence against the victim to suggest an attack on his part. It was every whit as gross as the Becker case, yet it did not prevent that case occurring. Nor will the Becker case prevent one future scandal.

When the Police levy their toll of blackmail on every class they are supposed either to protect or to suppress, what wonder is it if when some victim 'squeals' there is bloodshed.

It was asserted, by the way, that Becker made \$480,000 in bribes.

And just to show that the 'police disease,' as an American calls it, is not confined to New York there is the affair of the McNamaras, where a gang of murderers in California go scot-free until private citizens step in, organize a corps of private detectives, get the criminals

arrested and have them conveyed from Indianapolis to Los Angeles, more like a body of Uhlans advancing through hostile territory than anything else.

Well may one ask where is American justice and law and order?

In America each State has its different laws, and as many are making experiments in the new science of penology some extraordinary divergences are observed; thus a man may be a Benedict in one State and a divorcé in another, he may drink his rye whisky in the train that carries him through one State, but the conductor takes away his half-emptied glass when it enters the territory of an adjoining Prohibition State only to return it later on when it re-enters a Free Liquor State.

New Jersey, again, is very tender towards Trusts and Corporations and company promoters; that is why companies in America are very generally registered in New Jersey. It used to be said, indeed, that the State belonged to one particular railroad Corporation.

With all these local variations of the Law it is not surprising that some extraordinary experiments in punishment are being made. Libraries, concerts, theatrical performances, baseball matches have all been at the disposal of prisoners to vary the monotony of hard

labour and the 'lockstep.' The amount of freedom and latitude allowed in some prisons almost passes belief. The following story may be apocryphal, but personally I can believe anything of a country where train collisions are arranged as a public spectacle for private profit, and opposing trains have a shoving match on Brooklyn Bridge. At a certain prison where some of the inmates (when on their good behaviour) were allowed to go out to the neighbouring city of an evening, to the theatre or to visit their friends, one prisoner had been persistently late in returning at night. Probably this kept the night porter up when he might otherwise have retired to rest. At last he remonstrated with the man. 'Look here, so and so,' he remarked, when he let the prisoner in half an hour late for the fourth night in succession; 'if you stay out late again, you'll be shut out altogether.'

The revelations of corruption and incompetence in the Police Force which the Becker case has produced are no isolated example of American maladministration. It exists in the Police Force of other cities to such an extent as to have become a byword amongst Americans themselves, it affects the municipalities of the great cities, the Civil Service, many of

the Executive departments of the Law, the Customs and the Excise, the State Legislatures, and even the Supreme Parliament at Washington itself, like a gangrene eating at the heart of the nation.

To sweep out this Augean stable is beyond the powers of any one man, however gifted; the candidature of Theodore Roosevelt, sundered as he is from the two great parties in the State, represents the passionate cry of patriotic Americans for honesty of government, for an end of the rule of the 'bosses' and the conventions, the Trusts and the Corporations, and a clean sweep of all that is expressed by the word 'graft' in public life, but the disease is so widespread to be even beyond the power of his magnetic personality.

The misdeeds of a generation cannot be uprooted in a day at the bidding of one man, and that honesty is the best policy in all things America may yet have to learn by pain and tribulation.

The Revolutionary War was fought to achieve political independence, the Civil War to decide whether America was to be one Republic or two, but another struggle may yet have to take place to settle the question whether America is to be governed by the people of America or by the 'bosses' of a ruthless irresponsible Capitalism.

VIGNETTES—BOSTON

III

VIGNETTES—BOSTON

TUCKED away in that bleak north-eastern corner of the Republic that stretches towards Newfoundland and Labrador, with a soil so inhospitable that it can produce two crops of stones and one of snow each year, and isolated from the never-ending stream of immigration that passes by and leaves it untouched, lie the five little States of New England, the only part of America that was ever wholly British, and at the same time the part that was Britain's bitterest foe.

Without New England there would have been no revolutionary war, for Boston, its capital, was the focus and mainspring of that rebellion against the Mother Country; the middle and southern States, though less wholly British in blood, were either apathetic or in some cases even friendly in their attitude towards England.

It is always the foes of one's household that are one's bitterest enemies.

This little corner of the Union, to whose

inhabitants and to whom alone, the name Yankee strictly applies, which has been the birthplace of so much that is peculiarly and aggressively American, yet where the very names of the counties and towns speak of Old England, was settled by Puritans from East Anglia, and the Puritan element in America, still strong in spite of the enormous inrush of foreigners who are anything but Puritanical, is worth more than a passing notice.

Now the Puritans of old were in many ways a peculiar race. Persecuted in England, because they could not have their own way and create a land of gloom, they shook its dust off their feet for ever and went to America. It is said that it was only by the merest chance that Cromwell himself was not one of the party.

The first consignment of these stern fanatics sailed in the *Mayflower* in the year 1620, and judging by the number of American families who now claim descent from those early settlers, the *Mayflower* must have been about the same size as the *Lusitania* or the *Olympic*.

They were a dour, hard lot, too dour for 'Merrie England' and too dour even for Cromwell's Ironsides, and they landed in a dour, hard country which seemed to have been naturally created for them.

They founded the city of Boston and named

it after the town of the famous 'Stump' in Lincolnshire; to some of the raw little cities that sprang into existence they gave Biblical names, such as Salem and Providence, others they named after places in England, like Cambridge, Worcester and Dorchester, for their thoughts, when they were not fixed on the other world towards which they regarded this life as a mere passage of strife and tribulation, flew back to the land of their birth.

In New England they were free to worship God in the way that seemed best to themselves, and they did so; they covered the face of the country with little Bethels in fact; but they were not going to grant others the freedom they had left England to obtain for themselves, far from it; and woe betide any unfortunate Catholic or Agnostic who had the temerity to venture into this stronghold of Puritanism.

They had been the 'under dog' in Old England and had suffered persecution; in New England they were 'top dog' and they were going to do the persecuting.

'Be a Puritan or I will persecute you,' was what they said to their neighbours.

With the Red Indians, whom they dispossessed of their country and had many wars, they acquired in time some of their characteristics of to-day—their alertness, their

keenness, and even their hatchet-shaped features. Nature cast its stamp impartially on white and red man.

They also carried with them to America that nice appreciation of the value of money and of the advantages of a 'good deal' which is so prominent a characteristic of the petty trading class from which they sprang and which combines so unblushingly, and with such splendid audacity, with the spirit of other-worldliness.

Encouraged by the climate, which in itself had a persecuting 'nip' in its air, they became the most rigid Sabbatarians the world has yet known, and the leaven of their spirit may be seen in every corner of the Republic to-day.

They carried their religion into warfare and the Lord was always on their side. 'In the name of Jehovah and of these United States, surrender!' was the demand, enforced by a drawn sword, on the commander of an English outpost surprised at dead of night during the Revolutionary War.

The 'blue laws of Maine,' the largest and bleakest of the New England States, owe their genesis to this charitable race of early New Englanders.

A man was constrained under pains and penalties to 'walk decorously to the Kirk' on the Sabbath day, to abstain from all levity and

frivolity such as the kissing of his wife on that same day, to do or abstain from doing various acts which can only rightly be left to his own conscience; in a word, to make himself and his neighbours as miserable as he could manage to make them.

But it was towards the sins of the flesh that their bitterest enmity was directed, and a species of torture, worthy of the Inquisition at its best, was displayed towards the woman who made one single *faux pas*.

She was compelled to walk abroad with the letter A branded on her dress, so that her sin might ever be present to her own mind and to the eyes of others; they had no thought for the words of One who said 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.'

The Blue Laws may be as dead as Queen Anne, but their spirit still survives in America.

It shows itself in the ostracism of works of genius because they deal with human life and passion, in the draping of statues because of their lack of clothes, in the censoring of plays and pictures by State officials who are little better qualified for their work than policemen, and in the closing of liquor saloons, and it shows itself equally in the austere and punctilious decorum of the Boston schoolma'am and in the battle-axe antics of a Mrs Carrie Nation.

The spirit of persecution is in the very blood of those who have fierce religious convictions, and no one shall be happy if they can help it.

It cannot use the rack and the thumb screw, much though it secretly longs to do so, so it endeavours to achieve its end by means of social ostracism and legal enactments. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* A genius like Maxim Gorki is turned out because he is an opponent of marriage. Sixty years ago the prohibitionist movement was born in the State of Maine; the liquor trade was threatened with extinction, no intoxicating drink was allowed to be sold, none could even be manufactured in that State.

The American citizen of the year 1850, at a period when he was as devoted to his rye whisky as the modern Scot is to his own native poison to-day, was to be made a teetotaller by an Act of the Legislature; the prohibitionist was attempting by a stroke of the pen to accomplish that which a century of education is gradually doing; he was making one of those crude experiments in legislation of which Americans are so fond and that render them the laughing stock of humanity and show them to be the spoilt children of the world.

You cannot legislate in advance of public opinion, and public opinion was not at that time, and is not to-day, ripe for such measures.

Of course the whole movement was a farce, and every trick and every subterfuge that could be invented was employed to get drink, sometimes by people who would not otherwise desire it.

The State of Maine contains only one city of any size; it is a purely agricultural community that has no need for liquor saloons, but gets all the drink it wants in other and simpler ways, and in the city of Portland itself, the one big town it possesses, the amusing spectacle was witnessed of the summary ejection from power of any party that attempted to put into force the laws against secret drinking saloons!

The City of Boston is the self-styled hub of the universe, the centre of that light and culture that radiates and illuminates the entire American continent.

It is also celebrated as the birthplace of baked beans and Christian Science. Americans will tell you that it is the most English city in America, but upon examination this resemblance seems to rest chiefly upon the fact that Boston has not yet entirely obliterated its own past in the usual American fashion, that it does not scrap its buildings every ten years or so, and that some of its streets, at least, are narrow and curved and winding and have

some pretence to individuality. Boston is not yet quite 'standardized' like most other things in America, and hence it is a little looked down upon by other American cities, just like a poor relation. Even its one-time literary eminence is viewed with distrust as something not quite racy of the soil.

It is a frequent taunt flung at the American nation that it produces no great men, no one eminent in the arts or sciences, no thinkers, no poets or authors, no great soldiers or sailors, no statesmen or orators, in a word that the American race is deficient in genius, and to a large extent that is true.

America is the land of universal mediocrity, and there are none who tower above the multitude. But that fact does not trouble the American, whose ideas of what constitutes greatness are so different from those of the rest of mankind of all nations and of every age.

It has been stated seriously that Pierrepont Morgan has an equal claim to greatness with Shakespeare, and that Carnegie and Rockfeller are to be classed with Goethe and Victor Hugo.

I am not joking, I am perfectly serious. To nearly every American the name of Thomas Alva Edison stands higher as a scientific authority than that of any other man before or since.

Only grasp these strange conceptions and you will see that the lack of great men is no loss to Americans; they could not see them if they were there.

But there was a time during the earlier days of the great Republic, when its life was simpler and more natural, when it was not so overpowered with material aims, and not so overburdened with riches, when the way of America had not wandered so far apart from that of the Mother Country as it has to-day, when there were giants in the land and it was New England whose soil gave them birth and Boston where they flourished.

Longfellow and Emerson and Hawthorne, Whitman and Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial autocrat of the breakfast table, all lived and flourished in New England and gave Boston a reputation that it will not quickly lose.

And at a still earlier epoch in her history, America gave birth to men of genius and character, though they were not confined to one corner of the Republic. Washington and Franklin, Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton were names of which any race would be proud, but where are their successors to-day? The soil of America is not favourable to genius, now, it withers amid a chill environment or

seeks a home beyond the seas. Genius is a delicate plant and cannot grow on an arid soil.

That is why so many Americans have flung the dust of America off their feet, and sought a refuge in a kindlier land amid scenes that inspired their genius.

To them America was one vast prison house.

Bret Harte and Whistler, Henry James and Sargent passed but a fraction of their lives under the shadow of 'The Stars and Stripes.'

It may not be amiss now that we are discussing New England, the very *fons et origo* of American civilization, to enquire what really great minds America has so far given to the world.

The inspired poet, the profound thinker, the lofty moralist, the far-seeing statesman, the orator whose words are touched with the divine spark of eloquence, the chivalrous soldier whose fate arouses the great heart of the world, where are these in the national Valhalla?

I know the reason given for their absence, or for the remarkable infrequency of their appearance, but it does not appear to me to be a sufficient one; the wilderness is already tamed, the prairie already brought under subjection, the dividing mountains pierced, and there are many who have the time and

leisure for other things, yet in those early days when this was not the case, genius sprang from the soil, and Washington and Franklin and Emerson and Lincoln shed undying lustre on the land that gave them birth.

They have had no successors, unless you care to put John D. Rockefeller, Pierrepont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and Mrs Eddy in their places, for really there is hardly anyone else.

The genius of America has been smothered under an avalanche of dollars.

The Puritan element which always existed in the American character and which owes its origin to New England is continually breaking out into characteristically American excesses, and in the most unexpected and unlikely places.

At one time it is the formation of a League of Women pledged never to kiss or be kissed by a man, at another it is an onslaught on what is called the 'Tenderloin' quarter of a city—*anglicé* St John's Wood—which after a decent interval of interment has a resurrection in some other spot under the aegis of the police, who flourish exceedingly on the illicit gains derived from ladies of easy virtue; again, as was the case more recently (and at Los Angeles in California of all places in the world) it was

in an attempt to put down the giving and receiving of the 'glad eye' by either sex in the streets, that a police decoy, beautifully dressed and wonderfully pleasing to look at, was used to entrap the unwary males of that enterprising city. Surely that constable should have been charged with obtaining smiles under false pretences.

As Boston was in a sense the birthplace of the American Republic—though the Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed at Philadelphia—so has it seen the birth of many of those strange, fantastic and deluded movements that add so much to the gaiety of nations.

The latest and greatest of these is Christian Science, whose pious but exceedingly enterprising founder has just died, rather to the astonishment of some of her followers.

When I mention that this latest variety of the pseudo-scientific-religious humbugging, that is so popular amongst a section of the half-educated of Anglo-Saxon communities, numbers a million followers in America alone, and has temples—or whatever they call them—in the great cities that rank with the chief Baptist and Congregational edifices for size and style, the strength of the movement will be easily understood.

It is also making some considerable headway in England among the more American-minded of our own people.

Copying the follies of America should be sternly repressed by Englishmen.

Whenever you see a really great quack of any description you may be sure he is an American, and you may be equally sure that it is his own fellow-countrymen he will chiefly practise upon, for they are the most credulous of all races, and only let a fraud be cleverly advertised in a semi-religious or semi-scientific garb and its success is at once assured.

There is one solitary grain of truth and sense in Christian Science, and one only; that is that the mind has an influence over the body; but to build up from this idea the amazing contention that it can control organic disease, heal broken bones, and annihilate pain and even matter itself, is surely the strangest and most ludicrous doctrine that even an American brain could devise.

Yet it has a million followers in America; O race of foolish dupes!

From New England, and especially from Boston, there have come most of those American divines and American missions which, arising from time to time like the craze for roller skating, have by turns attracted, fascin-

ated and astounded the more emotional of the religious world of England, until a final disillusionment, caused by the extremely commercial nature of these greatly advertised individuals, has put an end to their popularity.

One more reflection and we will leave Boston for the West. Outside the city stands 'Bunker's Hill,' a name memorable in history as that of the place where was fired the shot heard round the world.

There had already been a small 'affair' in Lexington, a few miles in the interior; a company of the King's troops despatched to that village to destroy a magazine had accomplished their work, but on their return were harassed by an armed countryside with such boldness that their safe return to Boston was only accomplished with the greatest difficulty and by the aid of reinforcements; the Colonists then intrenched themselves and fortified the heights overlooking the city, and on this becoming known an attempt was made to dislodge them; it failed disastrously and with great slaughter; a second attempt in greater force was equally unsuccessful and not until a large portion of the English garrison in Boston had joined in the attack were those heights finally scaled and captured, only to find that the Americans had then vacated their entrenched position. That was Bunker's Hill.

That battle called a new nation into existence; it also taught the world a new lesson in warfare, though nobody perceived it at the time; and over a century had elapsed before England and the world at large learnt that a few well-armed farmers who could shoot straight, and were intrenched, are a match for any force of professional soldiers, unless the tactics of the hunter and trapper are employed to dislodge them.

As Boston and New England contain the academic centres of the country, and are the chief fountain of its educational life, it will not be inappropriate to refer to that aspect of America here.

All elementary education is free, universal, and compulsory, and it is a boast of Americans that its excellence surpasses that of any other system of education in the world; a generation ago that boast would not have been unwarranted, but to-day Germany, France, and England would all dispute its truth.

There is no illiterate class in America excepting those adult immigrants who come from a country where education is not yet compulsory, and for these the Republic has established a system of night schools, for in order to be naturalised the would-be American citizen must be able to read the English language in an elementary degree.

There are scarcely any private schools in America, and practically all children, irrespective of sex, means, or position, go to the same public elementary schools until the age of fourteen, and in this respect, if in no other, the country is purely democratic.

The public school-house is ubiquitous: in the most desolate prairies of the north-west, in the backwoods of Kentucky and Tennessee, where family feuds are still pursued with a savagery worthy of Corsica in the middle ages, in the alligator-haunted swamps of Florida and in the mountainous gorges of Nevada and Idaho, you see the white-painted wooden buildings where the children of the Republic are taught to read and write, a system worthy of all praise; but that they are also taught a caricature of history which is as far from the truth as Philadelphia is from Jericho, is not quite so praiseworthy.

A shrewd judge of America has pointed out that the distorted views of history that American boys and girls acquire in childhood may be responsible for a great deal that calls for criticism in the national character; for example, it may account for that cocksureness and hypersensitiveness inherent in it that does not tend to make Americans loved by other races.

Surely it is time that scientific and impartial text-books of history were employed in the schools of America, and that Americans were instructed in the true history of their own country; for the day has passed when one-sided, misleading, and clannishly patriotic accounts of a nation's history should be implanted in the minds of its youth.

That system was responsible for much of the misunderstanding and hostility that have stood in the way of the peace and happiness of the world, but it has now had its day.

The face of America is covered with a multitude of institutes, colleges and universities, some good, some indifferent, and not a few hopelessly and incurably bad.

There are half a dozen universities such as Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Princetown, the University of Pennsylvania, and the John Hopkins University of Baltimore, which are the equals, as far as equipment is concerned, of many of the more celebrated seats of learning of the Old World, though the atmosphere of a university does not yet cling to them as it does to Oxford or Heidelberg.

Their courses of lectures are on the whole shorter and their examinations less severe than in Europe; even in their studies Americans try to hustle.

The American temperament is generally too impatient for that severe grounding and that mental drudgery which are the only true bases of scholarship, and it is eager to take short and easy cuts to knowledge, forgetting that there is no royal road thereto.

Education, in the true meaning of that mis-used word, is emphatically a matter in which 'labour-saving' does not pay, and I am afraid that the standard of knowledge set in the examinations of the University of London, for example, would terrify most American students.

Of the smaller universities and colleges the less said the better : true, the buildings and equipment are often excellent, but these do not make the spirit of a university, which exists but in the minds of its sons, and not even college-crys, adapted from some Indian war-whoop, can create it.

There is such a thing as toying with culture.

These lesser-known universities—often the gift of some millionaire who imposes his own theories of education upon them—have been in the habit of conferring more or less complimentary degrees on almost all who cared to ask for them or take them : some have even bestowed professional qualifications in medicine in return for a purely nominal course and

the payment of a good substantial fee, and this latter fact explains the extraordinary prevalence of doctors of medicine in America who advertise unblushingly in the press and exhibit the most unprofessional behaviour.

The Press teems with the advertisements of physicians, male and female; here is one showing the status of some American physicians :

'M.D. wishes to exchange practice for brace-making or patent medicine concern. Address Box 154.' It could be multiplied *ad infin.*

Any comment would rather spoil this, but it is worthy of notice that the physician, at least in the Western States, is always 'Doc.'

The same standard is shown even in divinity, where D.D.'s are given to all and sundry.

The celebrated case of 'Dr'—(I won't mention the name)—whose doctorate in divinity was conferred by a college, I fancy in Tennessee, rather discouraged this indiscriminate scattering of 'honours' amongst those Englishmen who had not been able to acquire them in the ordinary way in their own country.

The President of this college was an advertising dentist who lived in New York, and his treatment of the Latin language was quite an addition to the gaiety of nations.

Besides its orthodox medical practitioners,

America possesses some 12,000 homeopaths and a host of eclectic physicians, osteopaths, and Christian Science healers, so that the American invalid can have the choice of a picturesque variety of treatment.

Hahnemann, the father of homeopathy, has a magnificent monument at Washington.

In American schools and colleges it is the custom for both sexes to be educated in common, and this system is regarded in America as a veritable triumph: it has even secured some admirers in England, but the average Englishman can only look upon it with a mingled feeling of contempt and ridicule, for there is much in the life of the American nation that cannot be too strongly condemned that may fairly be put down to its account.

Let the Englishman try and imagine, if he can, the head master of a big public school—an Arnold of Rugby or a Thring of Uppingham, for example—taking a sixth form composed equally of big boys and big girls.

It is just one of those things that are unthinkable in England, but the system exists in America, and its unfortunate effect on the character is easily discerned.

Familiarity too often breeds contempt, and the daily intercourse of boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, excepting

that which prevails in the privacy of their homes, is not altogether a good influence for either sex.

The softening influence of women is not a good influence for a youth during puberty, in that it tends to destroy the mystery of sex, and the refining effect it may have on manners is more than counter-balanced by the production of molly-coddling.

There can be in the co-education of the sexes but little of that hardening process, at the hands of masters and boys alike, which is so effective a cure for any boy who is inclined to be a milksop, a prig, or anything short of a healthy, hearty, natural boy, inured to hardship and rendered hardy by the drastic measures of other boys and by the stern methods of masters who are not afraid to use a cane; gentle manners are singularly out of place in a boys' school.

Where the two sexes mingle this hardening process is not possible, and we can scarcely speak of American youths as Matthew Arnold did of young Englishmen as 'our young barbarians all at play'; nevertheless it is this English public school system that has given England her race of men of high individual character of whom other races are not a little envious, and for whom it has been said the Anglo-Saxon race is alone worth preservation.

Co-education of the sexes can produce nothing to equal it; *its* tendency is to emasculate youth, to soften its fibre at an age when it needs hardening.

Its unfortunate effects are seen in many directions.

There is a morbid, unhealthy curiosity in the mind of the American youth towards things which he had better know nothing about.

Go into any American city on a Sunday evening and you will see the institutions known as 'Dime Museums' (so called because the price of admission is a dime, 5d) thronged with the boys and young men of the neighbourhood, a sight that bodes ill for the future of the race. The British youth may be blunt and even stupid, but he is totally devoid of this kind of morbid unhealthy appetite.

Inside those places you will find anatomical and pathological specimens in glass jars, of the kind that irreverent medical students designate 'pickles,' (which are only seen inside a medical museum in other countries), and along with these you will see examples of freaks, monstrosities, foetuses, and other specimens of horrors due to errors of nature, a show that should be nauseating to anyone but a medical student, yet the mind of young

America is allowed to feed on it unchecked; it is the natural sequel of an unhealthy curiosity aroused at too early an age by constant association at school with members of the other sex.

From fifteen to eighteen, the period during which the boy develops into a man on the physical side of his nature, and experiences all those strange emotions and feelings which accompany that process, frequent contact and daily intercourse with girls and young women is altogether bad; the secret of sex is revealed too early, and the physical and moral fibre undergoes a weakening process: the boy is apt to become a squire of dames when he had far better remain a young barbarian, even if his manners are uncouth, and in this matter I am speaking to a certain extent *ex cathedrâ*.

Another sequel of the joint education of the sexes may be seen in the relations existing between young men and young women in America.

The chaperone does not exist in that country, and young women, and what we should call young ladies, go about freely and openly to theatres, concerts, and picnics attended only by one of the opposite sex, and this without any idea of marriage—and sometimes even of courtship—being in the minds of either.

The American girl can and does do things

which would seriously compromise her reputation if she was living in any other country in the world.

In Europe, however, she is merely regarded as an eccentric. 'Ah ! que ces sont drôles, ces Américaines,' says the Frenchman with a shrug of his shoulders as he watches young Mr Cincinnati and young Miss Chicago strolling off like a couple of pals to inspect the cabarets of Montmartre.

It need scarcely be remarked that there is no such thing as a *jeune fille* in America; co-education nips *that* in the bud. It is claimed by Americans—and probably with truth—that no sexual disasters ever follow this unusual relationship of the sexes; it is even suggested that this immunity from any accidents of the nature of a *faux pas*—which would certainly happen in some countries, France for example—is owing to some superior morality in the composition of the American man and to some unprecedented chastity in the American woman: 'we are not as others,' they suggest.

I am not disposed to argue the point, being of opinion that human nature is tolerably cosmopolitan in its essence; but in all humility I venture to suggest other reasons, such as an almost complete absence of the element of

passion in the nature of American men—though they are singularly morbid—and an extraordinary degree of prudence and common-sense, combined with a certain lack of femininity, in the nature of American women.

Personal experience is necessarily somewhat limited in these matters; one can only rely on observation and reflection; therefore I merely record them to account for what is really nothing short of a series of miracles, for that the American girl rarely makes a slip is an undoubted fact.

The Americans claim to have solved the secret of the relationship between the sexes which all other races and all ages have declared to be insoluble—the secret of platonic friendship—and that gratifies the puritan element in their nature exceedingly, just as the erection of a fifty-storey skyscraper gratifies their craving for size.

In one case the American has annihilated feeling, in the other space.



VIGNETTES—CHICAGO
AND ITS PROTOTYPE

IV

VIGNETTES—CHICAGO AND ITS PROTOTYPE

ONE thousand odd miles to the westward of New York City, in the very centre of what was less than a century ago known as the 'Great American Desert,' and on the desolate south-western shores of Lake Michigan, stands the second largest city of the New World.

Innumerable railway tracks converge on it, for not only is it the great *entrepôt* of the Mississippi Valley and the West, but also the greatest railroad centre of America, in this respect far surpassing New York.

It has a population mounting well up in the second million : 'two million or bust' was its battle cry for the last decennial Census, but though the two million were not recorded, Chicago has not 'bust' except with a sense of its own importance. Chicago is a mixture of European races with a strong American flavour. Here is the recipe.

Take some of the most repellent elements

of modern industrial Germany, add to them the restlessness and 'go' of the native American, a strong dash of the wild Irishry, a leaven of Scandinavian meanness, and tincture it with a streak of Italian lawlessness and Muscovite cunning, and there you have Chicago.

It is not even American; it is Chicago—that is all, and there is only one Chicago in the world, for the world could not stand a second.

Seventy years ago a mere Indian fort, by 1870 it had grown as big as Leicester; in that year, however, it was burnt down and rebuilt, and now it is one of the first six cities in the world in size and importance.

It had to be rebuilt after the fire because so little was left standing, but Chicago is one of those cities that scraps and rebuilds itself every ten years or so; nothing satisfies it, nothing lasts, everything has to go directly its immediate purpose is served.

'Get on or get out,' the watchword of modern America, applies not only to men, but to buildings and cities too.

A ten-storey building or a mammoth store is run up. In Europe it would last half a century or more, in Chicago it has lived its life in ten years; trade has trebled or quadrupled, then 'scrap' it, says Chicago, and erect a thirty-storey building in its place.

That is how Chicago lives and grows; ceaseless, restless, ruthless.

This is the city where a pig still squealing can be driven into a building one moment to emerge a minute or two later as pounds of sausages and lard, nothing of the animal being wasted in the process excepting the squeal.

How the loss of that squeal must worry the restless brain of the American inventor!

Into Chicago there pours the produce and live stock of the Great West, and standing at the head of the great lakes, and at the converging point of the railroad system of the Continent it sends its products by land or sea to the farthest points of the globe.

What Birmingham is in hardware Chicago is in food products.

Take any American magazine or any American paper and read some of the amazing figures relating to its trade (for you won't get any from me), and then you will have some conception of the colossal commercial activity of this city. Go down to Chicago's riverside; visit the stock yards, the grain elevators, the steel mills, the packing houses, the endless miles of box cars freighted with produce; watch the hurrying crowds in the City's commercial centre, and you will come away with the idea of some mighty superhuman

force which is driving this machinery with tireless and relentless energy, an implacable soulless demon with human lives for its cogs.

Nothing ever stops, nothing ever ceases; day and night, winter and summer, Chicago takes the products of half a Continent into its capacious maw only to return them in some more finished form to the rest of the world.

It is the apotheosis of commerce; mad industrialism unchecked and running riot.

That is one side of Chicago, the side that causes respect, wonder, amazement, and perhaps a little fear in the mind of a stranger.

But there is another side to the city, the merely human side, the side that we in England still regard as of some account. Let us see the Moloch of commerce at work on humanity in Chicago.

Take your stand on State Street, one of the city's main arteries during the 'rush hours,' or stand at one of the railway depôts when the outlying districts are pouring their human freight into the centre of the city.

Have a good look at the faces and think; be a philosopher for once in a way (probably you will be the only one in the whole city), and tell me honestly if among the hurrying, stampeding thousands, almost trampling upon one another for their places, you find one face

that looks happy or contented, or even satisfied with his lot. This is the crowd whose one aim is to get dollars quickly, how or at what cost it matters little; get them, that is sufficient.

Amongst all these crowds there seems to be but one type of face, a face that speaks of tense, restrained energy; pale, cold, nervous, regardless of all else but the *pursuit* of wealth; not necessarily wealth itself. That is the 'standardised' face of modern America.

Looking neither to the right nor left each one hurries forwards intent but on one purpose, and that, to 'hustle' as much work as possible out of the succeeding hours. An earthquake in the next street would scarcely stop his progress, a street accident would not stay him for an instant—there are no loiterers in Chicago; ahead of him lies some work into which the whole of his nervous energy is to be thrown, and he will go through with it at a rush whether it be the mere sacking of an office boy or the formation of a new Trust. Each of these men is working with a stop watch in his hands, ever listening to its remorseless tick. That perhaps is why so much poor and scamped work is being done in America, where there is no time to do a thing well. This is life in Chicago.

The phrase 'if anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well' has no meaning here. 'Get it done somehow' takes its place.

And what has each man to look forward to at the end? For what is he working at this mad, insensate pace? Let me tell you.

At the age of 40, or thereabouts, he hopes to be a millionaire with a wife and daughters scattering largesse in Europe and possibly buying up the owner of some impoverished title for a son-in-law, whilst he grinds out the dollars in Chicago.

That is the summit of his ambition.

That is one possibility, but there are others.

At 40 he *may* be a nervous wreck pottering about on the sands of Southern California or Florida, vainly trying to regain his shattered health; or he may be a dipsomaniac, or a drug-taker, wandering from one sanatorium to another, or a hopeless neurotic of some kind, for America is full to overflowing of these physical and mental wrecks. She has a heavy price to pay for her mad restless riot of energy spent in one sole direction. She does not know the secret of right living, the principle so aptly phrased by the words *mens sana in corpore sano*. She has become old almost before her youth is over.

And there is a third.

He may fail; become too old at 35 to be employed, and sink lower and lower, until he forms one of the 'bread line,' that haunting, despairing crowd that picks up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. There are no workhouses in America.

It is not altogether a pleasant prospect when this side of the picture is contemplated; it makes the remark of a certain English journalist that 'Chicago is a city very much like Hell' not altogether inappropriate.

Let us examine Chicago a little more in detail for it is worth examination. In the first place the extraordinary nature of the population has probably a profound influence on the life of the city, for Chicago is regarded as *outré*, something outside the pale indeed, even by other American cities; Boston for example, regards her with ill-concealed contempt.

It possesses half a million Germans—being the fifth largest German city in the world, a quarter of a million Irish, a hundred thousand Poles and the same number of Bohemians, forty thousand Italians, sixty thousand Canadians, a hundred thousand Scotch and English, and the balance are Americans.

A European *mélange* of races.

Ten different tongues are regularly spoken

in its streets, the services of its churches are held in twenty different languages, and its daily press is printed in as many more.

It is little wonder that in such a clash of races, and with the controlling American element practically in a minority, that life and property should be held in little respect especially when it is remembered that the city is the focus of a great deal of the lawlessness and anarchy of the whole continent.

Chicago is celebrated for its 'crooks.'

Until quite recently such has been the case, and outrages have been of daily occurrence even in the main streets of the city, whilst on the outskirts, which gradually fade into the desolation and loneliness of the prairies, to wander about unarmed after dark was to court disaster.

I have used the phrase 'till recently' in regard to this state of affairs, for the American population of Chicago has awakened to a full sense of the dangers in which it was living and has taken the sternest measures to repress lawlessness, so that it is no longer essential to travel about Chicago armed with a fully loaded revolver as it used to be not so long ago.

When the native American does wake up and realize that it is necessary to do something he does it in no half-hearted manner: for

instance he discovered some few years ago that the national habit of expectoration was not only a disgrace to his country but a serious danger to public health so he decided to put an end to it, and 'spitters,' as he politely calls them, are now subjected to the severest pains and penalties.

Such a city as Chicago has scarcely any history or associations.

An obscure Indian fort in the early part of the past century and a booming young city during the middle of it, it had grown by the time of its great fire to be one of the biggest cities in America: that fire, which destroyed nearly a third of the city, enabled its citizens to rebuild it on a larger scale and to replace wood with brick and stone.

The only events of any historical importance connected with Chicago since the fire are the Anarchist outrages of some dozen years ago (and their prompt suppression), and the holding of the Centennial Exhibition in 1901.

Chicago, having no history, should be happy; perhaps the moralist is occasionally wrong.

The rivalry between Chicago and the other great city of the Western plains—St Louis—was for many years what is called in America 'fierce,' until Chicago forged so far ahead in

numbers as to aim at equalling New York City itself in size; it was something like the competition between Liverpool and Manchester or Glasgow and Edinburgh.

The two cities did not love one another and said so daily in their respective papers; Chicago would refer to St Louis as a 'bum' city, and the latter would retort by remarking that the cast-off shoes of the Chicago ladies would be very useful as canal boats on the Mississippi.

This kind of thing passes for wit in the West of America.

Not only is Chicago the greatest railroad centre of the Continent, not only is it the greatest grain-collecting and grain distributing city in the world, not only does it receive and distribute more pigs daily than any other place, not only has it the greatest packing houses and the biggest steel mills in existence, and not only is it the windiest and perhaps the ugliest city under the sun, but it is also a port with a river abutting on Lake Michigan, itself an inland sea, and from its quays vessels can be loaded up for Liverpool and Hamburg.

Nevertheless it has some claims other than those of the counting house and machine sheds to notice.

It has produced a poet, who sang of

children,—Eugene Field; it gave birth to a surgeon who made intestinal surgery possible, and robbed abdominal injuries of half their deadliness; it has a City Health Service which might be copied with advantage elsewhere; Chicago is not all materialist.

The one burning ambition of the successful citizens of the city is to get rid of their prosaic and unromantic past; Chicago wants culture and means to have it, and like the wealthy parvenu she is she intends to buy it and buy it wholesale.

She has built a gigantic University and endowed it lavishly; she is gathering in right and left works of art and pictures from the impoverished nobility of Europe; she is creating libraries and institutes on a scale of unparalleled magnificence; she is making costly investments in science, art, and literature, and is determined that the taunts levelled at her head that she only understands pigs and wheat shall no longer be justified, Chicago in fact is buying a mantle of refinement; she is h—l on culture as the unlettered citizen would put it.

Unfortunately it cannot be acquired in this easy way.

What are the causes that have led to the commercial pre-eminence of Chicago? Why

should it have out-distanced St Louis, its greatest rival, and Cincinnati and Cleveland and Detroit, and a score of other Western cities.

In the first place there is its geographical situation.

On the one hand by its situation at the head of Lake Michigan it is in direct communication with the chain of American lakes and through these by means of canals with the St Lawrence, and so on to the ocean itself.

Secondly the railways have made Chicago the great transcontinental centre of America. From every point of the compass—north, south, east, and west—they converge on it.

The overland trains which run daily to the Pacific Slope, to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, to Texas and Mexico City, all start from Chicago.

The traveller from New York and the East journeys to Chicago by any of the many routes connecting those two cities and changes at Chicago for one of the transcontinental trains for the South or West.

Chicago is the pivot of the American railway system. It possesses six immense railway depots, each of which accommodates the lines of several companies. Thus the La Salle Depôt houses four : the Rock Island, Chicago

and Eastern Illinois, the Lake Shore, and the Nickel Plate; the Grand Central Dépôt is the headquarters of the Erie; the Baltimore and Ohio (popularly known as the B. and O. or Beefsteak and Onions), the Chicago Great Western and the Pine Marquette; the Central Dépôt has also four; the Illinois Central, Michigan Central, Soo Line, and the Big Four (so called because it connects the four big cities of the West); the Dearborn Dépôt has six : the Erie, Santa Fé, Grand Trunk (of Canada), Wabash, the Monon Route and the Indiana Central; the Union Depot has four : the Burlington, Chicago and Alton, Chicago, Milwaukee, and St Paul, and the Pennsylvania, whilst one line has a dépôt all to itself, the Chicago and North Western.

These are the greatest trunk railways of America, and no other city in America or in the world can boast of such an array of lines.

In the third place Chicago's stockyards and packing houses have contributed to give it world-wide pre-eminence as a food elaborating and distributing centre.

It is just a little sensitive on this point. The revelations of Upton Sinclair in his '*Jungle*' book are all too recent. If New York has revealed gross corruption in its Police Force Chicago has revealed it in its methods

of preparing tinned food; neither city can throw stones at the other.

With these three natural and acquired advantages Chicago has gained a fourth, *viz.*, the reputation of being the one place to get rich quickly in, and that has attracted to it the restless, discontented, and avaricious elements of two continents.

Men do not go to Chicago because the climate is healthy or the surroundings beautiful or the life interesting, far from it; they go there to make a fortune in the shortest possible time, and to trample on every one else who hinders them in doing so.

If one wishes to see a true picture of the failure and hypocrisy of that monstrous cheat known as American civilization by all means go to Chicago.

Even Americans themselves are a little nervous about Chicago, and to the European who visits it they say plaintively 'please do not judge us by Chicago.'

Nevertheless Chicago is the type of city which all America tends to emulate; every American city in its heart of hearts would like to be Chicago. It is only a case of sour grapes.

Chicago is vastly interested in iron, though it is not the metropolis of America in that respect.

Pittsburg, at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers to form the Ohio River, in the State of Pennsylvania, a city about halfway between New York and Chicago, is the Birmingham and Sheffield of the Republic. It is also the headquarters of the Pennsylvania R.R., the home of the great Steel Trust, the city of Andrew Carnegie, the Scottish-American millionaire—and many others equally well favoured—the city that boasts of creating a new industry every week; nevertheless Chicago, though far behind Pittsburg in this respect, has still an interest (second of course to pigs and produce) in the manufacture of steel and iron, and at Pullman, not very far away and in the same State (Illinois), the railway carriages known all over the world are made.

There is therefore a hardness about Chicago due in some measure to its connection with iron, for it is a certain fact that occupations influence character. The selling of milk tends to create petty adulterations, and the making of iron produces a sternness and hardness of temperament all the world over, whether it is in Sheffield or Essen or St Etienne or Pittsburg.

The iron enters into the soul just as the emanations of the blast furnace enter into the

very sap of the trees, and the heaps of slag destroy the green earth itself.

ANY SMALL WESTERN CITY

Imagine the prairie; bare, treeless, and apparently illimitable, conveying to the mind that sense of utter loneliness and desolation that can only be obtained in the heart of a great continent.

The scene is in Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Dakota, or any one of the great States of the West; for hour after hour the train has carried you across an eternal expanse of yellow grass until the eye and brain are alike sick of the monotony.

The gigantic bell with which every engine is equipped commences to clang, passengers and officials awake from a drowsy half-sleep, 'drummers' cease from troubling, the engine slows down to a crawl and finally stops in the centre of a double row of white-painted wooden houses with shingle roofs, and you discover that you have arrived at Bluster City, which, though it may be the last place to be 'boomed' on the railroad, shares the hope common to all its fellows of becoming in the future another Chicago or Kansas City.

The open and unenclosed track doubles

itself, you see a round wooden water tank close to its side and in a siding perhaps another engine, but the line runs straight on through the centre of what will one day become the Broadway or State Street of the new city, and a few Hungarian or Italian children are now playing on the site of what will in ten years' time be the City Hall (cost so many thousand dollars).

There is scarcely anything as yet that can be dignified by the name of a station, but more or less about the centre of Bluster City a few stray passengers alight and a negro 'baggage smasher' flings a few trunks on to the ground.

The engine is changed, the mails are dropped whilst the 'leading citizens' of Bluster City stand around and gossip; the advent of the train once every twenty-four hours is an event and their sole link with the outer world.

Let us get out and inspect the future city.

Around the 'depôt' a score or more of white-painted wooden houses have grouped themselves, all very new and prim and resembling nothing so much as the houses you see in a child's box of toys; they seem to *stand* on the prairie rather than to *grow* from it, and if you are lucky you may even see one of them being removed by means of ropes and pulleys from one part of the 'city' to another, for the

American of the West in these embryonic cities shifts not only his household goods but his house as it stands; near the Mississippi villages and hamlets also shift from one State to another, but the river effects that sort of removal. However, there is a decided instability about such places. Three or four buildings, somewhat larger than the rest, stand out conspicuously; one of them is the 'store,' another is the 'city hotel,' the other two are the church and the school-house; there may or may not be a 'saloon' according to the State it is in, a prohibition State or not.

A few windmills of the American kind stand out clearly against the cloudless sky, but there are neither roads nor pavements and the prairie seems to engulf everything. Beyond the immediate confines of Bluster City are a few scattered cabins, the abodes of pioneers.

Bluster City contains perhaps two or three hundred people; its nearest neighbour is thirty or forty miles away, and it has nothing as yet to distinguish it from hundreds of exactly similar places which have all the same hopes of future greatness; that is the embryonic stage of the young Chicago.

Let us return to it in a couple of years time.

Something has happened to single it out from the great mass of still-born cities; some-

thing has been discovered in its close proximity, or the railroad company has decided to make it a 'centre' and it is having a 'boom'; land speculation is rampant and settlers are pouring in from Europe inveigled by fantastic pictures of the wealth of the New Eldorado, and Bluster City is doubling its population three or four times yearly.

A branch line of railroad has been built, the resulting junction has become a 'depôt' with several tracks of rails and many sidings; a grain elevator—perhaps the most hideous and unromantic building the world has yet discovered—has sprung up on the prairie which however still seems to engulf the tiny city like a yellow flood, though planks and débris thrown casually on the ground are beginning to hide it in places.

The original houses of the place—the oldest inhabitants as it were—have formed themselves into a Market Street with several side branchings off it, the future 'Avenues,' and the United States Government has erected a post office to take the place of the wooden box nailed on to a tree which formerly acted in that capacity; side-walks composed of wooden planks have appeared in front of some of the houses, but the roadway, almost innocent of wheeled traffic, is still the trodden-down prairie. Roads come last of all in America.

The hotel, three times as big as before, and built of red brick with a wide verandah around it, is now the 'Washington House,' many 'drummers' now frequent it and land speculators make it their headquarters, whilst a purely mythical picture of itself appears stamped on its own notepaper; the 'store' has been rebuilt and is now trebled in size, it has, moreover, half a dozen rivals to share its trade; the Third National Bank has opened a branch, and Bluster City possesses a Mayor—either an Irish or German-American—lawlessness has been given the cold shoulder; the gun-men and gamblers who frequented the saloon have been warned, and a vigilance committee formed for the due execution of a law which is rather tedious in its process in America.

Perhaps a negro has already been lynched, and the name of Bluster City is known in the East.

There are three churches instead of one and the wooden verandah of the 'Empire House' has many rocking chairs and cuspedors.

Speculation in land sites—real estate—is rife, for this is one of the many ways in which an American acquires money, the heavy labour of the 'boom' being performed chiefly by the immigrants from Central and Eastern

Europe, whom the American is an adept at exploiting.

The original wooden buildings have been scrapped and replaced by others of brick and stone, and one ambitious pile five or six stories high is rapidly rising skywards, crude telegraph poles begin to raise their heads in the main street, and the sign-boards of advertising merchants—for all shopkeepers are merchants in this country—swing across the roadway; a Plow Manufacturing Co. has opened a branch business in the city; a newly-fledged M.D. and a solicitor-barrister (the two branches of the law are combined) have hung out their shingles, and the inevitable Jewish money lender has opened a loan office.

The telephone is installed in almost every house, though there are neither roads nor main drainage; the streets running in one direction are called avenues, and are generally named after founders of the Republic; those running in the other direction—American streets can only run in *two* directions—are simply named streets and numbered, and the city is beginning to assume the shape of that series of parallelograms which is here regarded as the last word in town-planning. There are neither trees nor shrubs.

This is the second stage of Bluster City,

but three distinct stages of development may be seen within two hundred yards of its centre; the prairie with the wooden hut on it which is stage one, the red brick store which is stage two, and the five-storey stone block which is stage three, and quite commonly all three stages may be seen in close juxta-position, thereby lending to it that air of incongruity which is the very essence of these Western cities.

It is like an exhibition city the day before the exhibition opens.

Now it begins to attract settlers from other Bluster Cities which have failed to realize their ambitions, and these also are many; the bulk of the population is of European origin though the controlling element is always American.

If the site is a good one, and possesses certain natural advantages, and above all, if it can become a railroad and distributing centre and the railroads have decided to make it one—its future is now assured.

It may specialise in pigs like Chicago, or Lager beer like Milwaukee, or flour like Minneapolis, or Mormonism like Salt Lake City, or consumption like Denver, or it may even develop as a divorce centre; it may do any one of these, but in order to grow with giant strides it must do something to distinguish

itself from the great crowd of its rivals who are all clamouring for a place in the sun.

The third stage of Bluster City now begins, a weekly paper appears on the scene in which the doings of every citizen are picturesquely chronicled, and in six months time it has become a 'daily.'

The railroad company builds a new depôt and erects some engine sheds; more grain elevators arise from the prairie, a flour mill is erected, factories are started, and settlers pour in; all the buildings previously mentioned are scrapped and rebuilt.

There is no more self-contained and self-absorbed unit in the whole world than a developing Western city, for the supreme effort of creation paralyses all other thoughts and energies; it is like the agony of a woman in childbirth, hence the Westerner is childishly ignorant and self-opinionated, for the great outside world passes him by.

The Italian labourer and the Roumanian peasant, having saved a few dollars by their labour on the railroad return to their distant homes to see their parents, and in those far off countries they relate the story of Bluster City and within three months an Italian restaurant makes its appearance in the city; Mr Wun Lung residing in China Town, San Francisco, also hears of it and comes to open

a laundry—China washes all the linen of the great Republic; ‘gentlemen of colour’ begin to swagger along its streets; one American opens a ‘shoe shine’ establishment, another, a graduate of a barbers’ college, opens a ton-sorial saloon—one of the few things about which Europe has really anything to learn from America; a druggist appears with his soda-fountains and pick-me-ups to stimulate the nerves of Bluster City, a dime museum is opened to provide the citizens with a little intellectual recreation on the Sabbath, and last but by no means least, a branch of the Christian Science Church is erected.

Bluster City is having its great ‘boom’ and it follows the approved lines laid down by that great exemplar of all cities on the ‘boom’—the place that is said to resemble the lower regions.

It links itself up to the neighbouring cities by means of trolley lines and ‘corduroy’ roads.

On Sundays it ceases to work only because it is too exhausted to go on without a stop; a few of its citizens go to church, but the greater number swarm into the saloons and gambling hells and other unsavory places where fights are of frequent occurrence and life is not uncommonly taken. It has not yet reached the ‘culture stage’ of an American city.

There are but few women in the city and

these few are by no means the highest type of womanhood.

There are no old men.

Everybody is absorbed in getting rich and a great many are doing so quickly, for business doubles and trebles itself in a year, and the place is being constantly rebuilt, so that if you return in a couple of years' time you will scarcely recognise Bluster City as the same place.

And that is how the place grows and thrives. Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty, a hundred thousand inhabitants, a city hall, banks and insurance offices, great departmental stores, tramcars and theatres, palatial hotels, fresh lines of railways, until at length the day arrives when it reaches the height of its ambition and possesses the two things that may be regarded as the apotheosis of American civilization—a millionaire and a sky-scraper; it has reached the summit of its desire; the millionaire endows it with a university which is run as a one-man show, and *then* it wishes to instruct the old world.

And how much sympathy and how much blood-relationship is there between Bluster City, with its Slavs, its Italians, its Poles, its negroes, its Chinese, and its Germans, and the Island race, which still talks of these as 'cousins'?

‘ BLOOD IS THICKER
T H A N W A T E R ’

V

'BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER'

WHILST the Englishman, proud of his past and proud even of those who cast off their allegiance to England and founded the American Republic, is still in the habit of regarding Americans as 'cousins,' as members of one original stock, as transplanted Englishmen, and so forth, the American, caring nothing for the past and possessing no reverence for it, adopts a very different attitude.

He is an American, an inhabitant of 'God's own country,' as he proudly calls it, and that is enough for him. With a few exceptions he has no sentimental attachment towards England whatever, and most certainly he does not regard the Englishman as his 'cousin' except on those rare occasions when it is to his advantage to do so, and only then does he avail himself of this now almost mythical relationship.

What, then, is his attitude towards Eng-

land and Englishmen? Let me tell you in a sentence.

When he thinks of the matter at all—which is not often—he regards Englishmen with a kindly but somewhat contemptuous toleration, with the eyes of the successful parvenu who is rather sorry for a very distant relation who is not doing so well as formerly,—in fact his attitude is well expressed by a cartoon that appeared in '*Puck*'—the American '*Punch*'—some years ago, where a young and vigorous American, holding in his arms the 'America Cup' and various other trophies of International sport, is regarding with some slight compassion a fat and rather puffy Englishman who has nothing whatever to show in the way of trophies, and is inclined to bemoan the fact. 'Don't you think it time you gave up playing these boys' games?' suggests the confident American; that question very aptly expresses the American's feeling to Englishmen. The latter is one who has had his day; England is a beautiful, old country; rich, historic, interesting, and a delightful place to live in—but worn out. And he is somewhat contemptuous, too, as well as compassionate, because he hugs to his heart the delusion that he met the might of England in two wars and 'whipped' it, as he would say, and England he regards as the mightiest country in Europe.

Is it really desirable to still claim a relationship with one who holds these views? Or is it true that there is any relationship left, for that is a far more important question? Americans never refer to the blood-tie between us; what reason have we to do so, and the day is not far distant when there will be none left. Let us examine therefore the foundations of this belief, and that will take us back into American history, into the days when America was a British Colony.

The early pioneers of America were firstly English Puritans in New England, secondly English Royalists in Virginia—the Colony was named after Queen Elizabeth—thirdly Dutch settlers in New York, which was known as New Amsterdam and belonged to Holland till the reign of Charles II, fourthly Spaniards in Florida and California, and lastly the French in New Orleans and Louisiana—five distinct nationalities. But besides these, there settled in America during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a considerable leavening of other European races—Germans, Swedes, and Danes, especially in New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania. Thus the American race was never purely British, even at its inception; it was always a mingling of races.

Now consider the position of these early settlers.

Situated in a continent separated by 3000 miles of turbulent ocean from England, living in a climate and atmosphere totally different to that of the old country, and practically isolated from the Old World by the difficult and infrequent means of communication of those days, is it any wonder that by the time the rupture with England occurred—about two centuries after the earliest settlements—a totally different race had already been evolved by nature and environment, a race that resembled the English of Old England neither in appearance, speech, ideas or manner of life. It was never homogeneous, and it was strongly anti-English directly a quarrel arose, for there is something peculiar to the air of America which makes the newcomer who intends to stay and settle in America the most virulent and offensive specimen of the American race towards England. Charles Dickens noticed that fact.

New York itself was never purely British, it was even in its earliest days one of the most cosmopolitan cities of the world; its Dutch origin can still be seen in the number of Dutch names it shows, and until it was scrapped and rebuilt, in many specimens of Dutch Colonial

architecture; yet strange to say during the revolutionary war it was far more kindly disposed to England than any other part of America, and when the English were driven from Boston, the hotbed of the rebellion, it was New York that welcomed them. Louisiana, with New Orleans, was ceded to America by Napoleon, ever anxious to injure England; Florida was acquired from Spain; California and Texas were taken from Mexico, and the great West of America, the heart of the continent, was settled and developed by a mixture of Americans from the Eastern States and Europeans from the Old World, amongst whom the English were conspicuously few in number. Where then is the purely British Colony? By the time of the revolutionary war a race, some two millions in numbers, had arisen, already totally different in thought and custom from the English of Old England. That war only definitely separated two races that had already drifted far apart. The American climate and the American atmosphere will stamp itself on a man and produce in one generation a race that has no resemblance whatever to the men of Devon or East Anglia.

But at the time of the revolutionary war only the eastern fringe of the continent was in-

habited. Thirteen separate colonies stretched from Cape Cod down to Charleston; southward of them was Florida and Texas—then in Spanish hands; to the West beyond the Alleghanies, stretched what was then called the 'Great American Desert,' now the fertile valley of the Mississippi where French influence was paramount, for France had explored that river from its source to its mouth at New Orleans, and had put a ring fence of French posts around the British Colonies stretching from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

The great continent had yet to be tamed and peopled. The scanty two millions along the Eastern seaboard were not sufficient; besides, most of these had already made one home in what was then the wilderness.

Europe was appealed to, and the distressed, the desperate, and the adventurous of the Old World came to the New in never-ending shoals, and to-day we have before our eyes modern America, the resultant of three forces, the pioneer, the oppressed, and the criminal.

But of what nationality were those hordes that now crossed the ocean and swept across the vast plains of Ohio and Illinois? Were they British?

On the face of it it was unlikely that many English would go out after seven years of em-

bittered warfare—nor did they; and during the whole of the nineteenth century *English* emigration to America was less than that of almost any other European country, and there has been an additional reason for this that is little known in England.

When a man settles in America he generally identifies himself with that country, and it is only natural, and indeed a right his new country may well claim, that he should become a nationalized citizen. To do so he must swear allegiance to the American Republic and renounce England, and promise to draw his sword against her should occasion arise, for as England is the sole European country (except Spain) America has fought, the oath of allegiance is specifically aimed at her.

Thus few English went to America. But there was a never-ending stream of Irish, culminating in the great exodus of the years of the Irish Famine, and it is claimed that there are now ten million Irish and Irish-Americans in America, all hostile in thought to Great Britain. Indeed the Home Rule movement is mainly supported by the Irish saloon keepers and Irish domestic servants of the Great Republic, which of course they have a perfect right to do. But it does not strengthen the 'blood is thicker than water' tie.

Again, amongst the 90 millions of America there are some 12 or 13 millions of negroes, chiefly living in the South, the legacy of shame left by America's share in the slave trade; with these, Englishmen can have no possible relationship.

Next we come to Germany. It is impossible to obtain any exact figures relating to the German population of America, but I do not think that ten millions would be too high an estimate; at any rate, German emigration has been sufficient to evolve a new type—the German-American—and it is a very obvious fact that large tracts of the Western States are almost purely German; many Northwestern cities, *e.g.* Milwaukee and St Paul, are practically German cities. New York is as much German as English, whilst Chicago is an American Berlin.

The German element in America is sufficiently strong to influence its policy; lager beer saloons cannot be effectually shut up on Sundays because the Teuton wants to drink and smoke in them.

Walk along Broadway from the steamship offices at its lower end until you reach the City Hall; get on a car and go to Harlem or Bronx in the residential quarters of the city, and look at the names on the shops and offices,

and if you don't count up three that have a Teutonic sound to one English, then I'll declare myself a Dutchman. It will astonish most people to learn that the volume of passengers carried by the German steamship lines to America is, and has been for a generation, far greater than that carried by our English lines; it is a fact, nevertheless.

Thus we have already arrived at a nation almost as populous as our own, made up of negroes and half-castes, Irish and Irish-Americans, and Germans and German-Americans. There is not much British sentiment about these elements, and there is not a trace of British blood in them, yet they constitute about half the American population, and are, to be quite accurate, decidedly anti-British in their sympathies and ideas.

Besides these larger streams of immigration there are a number of smaller ones which have flowed into America; Poles, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgian, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Mexican, Canadian, Austrian, Bohemian, and above all Italian.

During the last fifteen or twenty years the centre of the immigrant stream has shifted its position; once it was in the Baltic, the North Sea and the Channel; now it lies south in the

Mediterranean. Italy, Spain, Roumania, the Balkan States, and Russia, viâ the Black Sea, are the countries that are now helping chiefly to swell the population of America.

A very large slice of New York City is purely Italian, and with them these Italians have carried into America many things the native American could very gladly do without—from secret societies and anarchists to vendettas and parasitic diseases—but there they are, and they flourish on American soil with all the exuberance and mushroom growth of the New World.

The 'Mafia' and the 'Black Hand' are now as well established institutions in New York, Baltimore, New Orleans and Chicago as spaghetti, macaroni, Italian restaurants and Neapolitan ices.

All these diverse elements that America has absorbed, or is still trying to absorb, are either purely indifferent to Britain (which they rightly regard as a foreign country), or else they are hostile to it, whilst the descendants of the more exclusively English elements of America—the New Englanders and the Virginians—still live on memories of the War of Independence, and to them the Fourth of July is a reality, and not merely an excuse for letting off fireworks and having a day's holiday, as it is to the others.

The saying that heads this chapter is credited to an American officer during the first Chinese war; whether it is as apocryphal as the 'Up, Guards, and at 'em' of Wellington at Waterloo, I do not propose to inquire; in any case, however, it is not strictly applicable to the two nations concerned, nor has it stood the test of experience.

Let us examine a little history to decide the point.

It is the firm belief of all Americans that they defeated Britain on land during the War of Independence and by sea during the affair of 1812, and until they met Spain nearly a century later—whose poor, decrepit, antiquated fleet, manned though it was by brave, chivalrous and dignified sailors, was an easy prey,—they had never crossed swords with a European Power; and in consequence of that they have suffered from a severe and long-continued attack of swelled head, believing themselves invincible and being always in that state of mind in which the foe is beaten before the first shot is fired.

Hence they are impatient of all criticism, just like naughty, undisciplined children, and there are moments when I fear that even these mild questionings of mine may not meet with their entire approval.

In 1812 war broke out between England and America.

It was a conflict of which little is remembered to-day, and during which little that is creditable to either side took place.

The British sacked Washington and burned the Capitol to 'get their own back,' as it seemed to them at the time no doubt; in reality to cover themselves with undying disgrace: the Americans achieved a number of victories at sea in single-handed contests by the simple process of building vessels equal in size and guns to battleships and calling them frigates, and then matching them against English frigates. 'Cuteness was even at that early day beginning to show itself. In one celebrated fight, however, they were not so successful.

Captain Broke on the *Shannon* was cruising off Boston, and sending the rest of his ships away signalled to meet the *Chesapeake*, a vessel of equal strength and tonnage, and nothing loth, the latter sallied out, eager to repeat the victory over the *Peacock*, a vessel the Americans had recently captured.

Nothing was wanting to complete the dramatic nature of the contest; enthusiastic crowds of Bostonians on land, a crack ship to carry the Stars and Stripes to victory, and above all 400 pairs of handcuffs on board the *Chesa-*

peake, all ready for the British prisoners that were to be taken, and amid enthusiastic shouts the sailors were urged to 'peacock' them. Can't you see the scene?

It was unfortunate that the British failed to stand in with the final setting of this nice little patriotic drama, for in about an hour's time the *Chesapeake* was boarded, half her crew were killed and wounded, the rest were prisoners, and the Union Jack was waving at her mast-head.

I was forcibly reminded of this scene when nearly 100 years later I saw Cambridge beat Harvard on the Putney to Mortlake course. Boatloads of patriotic Americans had concealed under their coats the 'Stars and Stripes' ready to wave them as Harvard triumphantly rowed past in front, as of course they would.

It is not always a good thing to be too cocksure, for a very sad crowd of Americans went home that day with their flags very carefully put away from view.

And in order to fully carry out the sentiment that blood is thicker than water, the Americans swooped down on Canada in 1812, certain of an easy prey as they thought, but unfortunately the Canadians did not agree with this application of the sentiment, and drove them back home rather quicker than they came.

And to whom did the New Republic turn when the American fortunes were at their lowest ebb? Was it not to the country which for centuries had been the foe of England and with whom she was even then at war?

Was that an instance of 'blood being thicker than water'?

A Franco-American army led by Washington, Lafayette and Rochambeau appeared off Yorktown and surrounded Lord Cornwallis; a French squadron under the Comte de Grasse was cruising in the North Atlantic, rendering relief difficult or impossible, and the British force of 7000 men surrendered.

That was the magnitude of the disaster that lost America to England, 7000 men!

During the greater part of the eighteenth century France and England were competing for the mastery both of America and India. Canada was French, so was the Mississippi valley and New Orleans; the North American Indians were still a force to be considered and sometimes felt by the English colonists. To settle the ownership of the New Continent, Britain expended much blood and treasure, chiefly, be it remembered, for the benefit of the American Colonies.

In time no doubt they would have stood alone and conquered, but not in the middle of

the eighteenth century. When Wolfe fell at Quebec, France lost all chance of an American Empire, and to pay for these costly wars with France, Britain not only taxed her own sons, but her colonists in America as well.

That act was resented and finally led to war, but it may well be doubted if it was more than a pretext, and whether the desire for independence was not at the root of the struggle.

That war dragged on for seven long years, England fighting half-heartedly because her energies were absorbed in Europe, and it was not till the war was well advanced, and France had recognized and assisted the new Republic, that America had a real chance of success.

The struggle was never anything more than a ‘sort of a war,’ as Lord Halsbury would say, that is, a few thousand British soldiers held at various times a few of the chief cities of America, such as Boston and New York, and directly they ventured outside these they encountered the same kind of guerilla tactics that made the Boers so formidable a foe to subdue; yet on the other hand the American forces, until they were assisted by the regular armies of France, left the British alone, secure in their isolated strongholds. That kind of war tends to drag on indefinitely, and the invaders

can only subdue the invaded by an overwhelming display of force and the exhibition of a considerable amount of ruthlessness.

Neither of those methods did England adopt, nor under the circumstances could she have done so, for there was a strong public opinion at home opposed to it, and her energies were distracted by other calls in Europe and the East.

During the first half of the last century the continent was being peopled, the little strip along the Atlantic seaboard was gradually stretching itself westwards, and Europe faded from their view: America had only its own continent to concern itself about, and they gradually developed a contemptuous indifference for the Old World—England included.

Then came their Civil War, over which trouble arose with England, and though it does not immediately concern us, one or two incidents of that war very aptly illustrate the American character.

They forcibly stopped a British vessel, the *Trent*, and took from her decks—the soil of Britain, mind—two Confederate delegates who were going to Europe.

It was an act of piracy which not even the strong feeling of resentment prevailing against England at that time could excuse, the kind of

thing that Germany would like to do now—if she dared. Indeed there is a striking resemblance between the diplomatic methods of the two countries; one uses a 'big stick,' the other a 'mailed fist.' They are the international bullies of the New and Old Worlds respectively.

It can hardly be surprising that under the circumstances the sympathies of part, at least, of England should have been given to the Southern Confederacy, for the Southerners—slave-owners though they were—were in many respects nearer our own ideals than the pushing, unsentimental, materialistic men of the North; there was also the inevitable feeling lurking, though unsuspected, that it would be a good thing for the American Republic to be taken down a peg or two.

The *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers were secretly built and fitted out in England, and for her supineness in allowing this ship to sail, England had eventually to pay dearly—three millions cash, indeed—and what she would have had to pay for the 'indirect' damages which America claimed had she succeeded, goodness only knows. The three millions was the direct loss due to the depredations of the *Alabama*; the unnumbered millions of 'indirect' damages was the loss sustained

by those whose property was not immediately affected, but who said they suffered from the *Alabama's* attacks on American ships. This claim, needless to say, was not allowed by the arbitrators; it reminds one at once of the two millions 'moral and intellectual' damages sustained by Mr Paul Kruger.

There is in the Anglo-Saxon character a strong disposition to make a 'good deal' out of a misfortune, and even the loss of a dearly loved wife can be correctly assessed in the Divorce Court at so many pounds, shillings and pence.

One cannot easily remember where the doctrine that 'Blood is thicker than water' has applied to any action of the Americans when England was in difficulties.

Canada, until she grew strong enough to develop a feeling of nationalism of her own, has been the great bone of contention between England and America, and a series of triangular disputes between the three countries has kept ill-feeling alive and sometimes even jeopardised peace.

There has been the boundary question between Canada and America in the West, the Newfoundland Fisheries, and later the affair of the Alaskan boundary when the goldfields of Klondike rendered that part of the world of some interest and importance.

In all these disputes the attitude of America has been roughly one of confident assurance in asking a great deal more than she was entitled to claim, and that of England a truckling pusillanimity in order to stand well with America, and as a consequence Canada has suffered, and therefore she has a very poor opinion of England's strength and courage. England, she found, continually gave way, and there is only one way to deal with the diplomatic haughtiness of either America or Germany. When they flourish a big stick, you should flourish a bigger one. It is always effectual.

There once came a time, however, when the confidence of America received a rude check. When the comic opera Republic of Venezuela was trying to shelter its wrongdoing behind the ‘Monroe Doctrine,’ the President of that day—Grover Cleveland—was more than usually irritating in ‘twisting the lion's tail,’ and England for once took a strong attitude. At that day she was America's banker, and she adopted the method quite recently exhibited by France to Germany of asking for the return of that half-crown she had lent her. It was naturally a great shock to America.

When America went to war with Spain, chiefly on account of the supposed treachery

of the Spaniards in regard to the blowing up of the *Maine*—which treachery is now shown to have been non-existent—she was in great difficulties over two things : transport of troops to the West Indies, and the question of coal. England came to her aid, and by refusing to declare coal contraband of war, as Europe wished, was of inestimable service to America, and that country suddenly discovered that she had a use for England and that blood, after all, was thicker than water. The discovery occurred at a most opportune moment, just when America was in a hole in fact, but during the Boer War a few years later I never remember that these services were in any way remembered or repaid. Indeed I think that of all the virulent abuse about our ill-treatment of two 'poor little defenceless Republics,' a great deal of it came from America. Blood was no longer thicker than water when the boot was on the other leg.

All this may sound ungenerous, but it is not necessarily so. No one has a higher appreciation of America than I have, no one admires her more honestly, but one should always face facts and see things clearly as they are, and not as in a mirage, and when the British Press fills itself with sentimental and quite inaccurate twaddle about 'hands across

the sea' and 'blood is thicker than water' and the 'cousinship' of England and America, then, to use the American language, the one spoken over there now, 'it makes me tired.'

America is now a heterogeneous, complex nation still in the making, a commingling of many varied races, and no longer preponderatingly Anglo-Saxon.

Let us abandon this nonsense and recognise her for what she is, a strong, fearless, friendly, but not sympathetic, nation, one with whom the ties of blood are now nearly extinct.

The American Press never dilates on this sentiment—why should we? For us, America must now be regarded as a foreign country and as a possible foe.

‘L’AMERICANISME,
VOILÀ L’ENNEMI’

VI

‘L’AMERICANISME, VOILÀ L’ENNEMI’

—*Gambetta amended*

THERE have been four serious invasions of these northern islands since the days when the ancient Britons lived in impenetrable forests, clothed in coats of woad.

The Romans ‘came over’ 55 years before the birth of Christ, conquered a large portion of Southern Britain, annexed it to the Empire, built some highways and fortified camps, of which there remain traces to this day, and then departed, leaving the people and the country very much in the same state as they found it on their arrival.

A few hundred years later the Saxons followed them; they came to stay, for they conquered and absorbed *England* or were absorbed in it, and England is largely of their making.

The Normans—a race of freebooters and pirates from the Northland who had settled in Normandy rather against the original owners’

wishes—were the third group of invaders, and though they defeated the Saxons in battle and placed their own Duke of Normandy on the throne as the first King of England, and though they came to stay (incidentally it may be mentioned because they had possessed themselves of pretty well all that was worth having over here), they never really conquered England, though they have left indelible traces on the land; it was the Saxons who eventually absorbed them, and not they the Saxons.

For nearly eight centuries England remained free from actual invasion. Threats and scares there were many, but no foreign host ever planted its heels on the soil of Britain; the Jews came, and of course *they* stayed, but they are common to every country, and each has as many of these as it deserves. England, being rich, could afford many. I do not count these as invaders.

And then towards the close of the nineteenth century there began to take place an invasion of a different nature, one not accompanied by swords or guns or by armed hosts, but one nevertheless of a nature far more deadly and insidious than any that had gone before, and one moreover which was partially successful before its existence was even detected. This invasion came from a country

3000 miles across the Western Ocean, from a people who once owed allegiance to the throne of England, an invasion not of men but of ideas and customs, and for that very reason alone should be all the more strenuously resisted unless those ideas and customs are superior to our own.

The War Lord of the Hohenzollerns may be fearful of the Yellow Peril from the East, but there may be even greater danger for the Old World from the American Peril of the West.

Let the Englishman realize quite clearly in what estimation the average American holds England and the English, let him for once clear away that mirage of delightful nonsense which he has contrived to conjure up as to how he and his country are regarded by the New World, and it will be better for him. And by that phrase 'the average American' I do not mean the cultivated, semi-Europeanised Anglophile one chiefly meets and sees in England, and in whose tolerant approval England basks, but the native, untravelled stay-at-home type of the race, that cocksure, never-wrong, boastful individual who is the typical unit of the 90 millions that make up the complex American nation.

This is what *he* thinks of us. He regards Britain as an effete, worn-out monarchy, a

country that is a 'back number,' as he tersely describes it, in contradistinction to his own progressive, go-ahead Republic. We are 'subjects'; his people are 'citizens,' and therefore far higher in the scale of humanity. He is enslaved by big and sounding phrases.

But at the same time this antiquated, despotic country is a very beautiful and very picturesque one, a land teeming with feudal castles, historic houses, and stately mansions, overflowing with precious works of art and all the treasures of the ages, embowered in beautiful gardens, and inhabited by a race which, in his view, is composed of a few degenerate nobles and idlers on the one hand, and a mass of pauperised workers who have not sufficient sense to come in out of the rain on the other; and holding these views he regards England as an ideal land, not for a foolish invasion by a military host, but for peaceful penetration by his dollars and ideas, a country waiting to be snapped up by his gold, for that money can and does buy everything is his first article of faith, one so deeply implanted in his mind by past experience that nothing will ever uproot it.

He regards England much in the way that a wealthy parvenu looks upon the estate of a proud but impoverished noble, or as a

Yiddisher eyes the spoils of the Gentile; both are ‘good grub.’

He does not echo the crude idea attributed to Blucher that London is a splendid city to loot; no, but it is decidedly one to pervade and exploit. That is his view of England; a ‘back number’ to be brought up to date for his benefit.

Nevertheless he is all the same supremely ignorant of our country.

He thinks America is the *only* land of liberty because it is the ‘free United States,’ whilst England is under the rule of a King; because we are called ‘subjects,’ whilst his countrymen are ‘American citizens’ and belong to a Republic. He really behaves as if this was the year of grace 1775 and we were living under the rule of George III. Time has ceased to march for him, and to crown all, does not the statue of ‘Liberty’ rise out of the harbour of New York, holding forth to the oppressed and downtrodden of Europe the torchlight of freedom and progress? That settles the matter for the average American.

Going somewhat higher in the social scale, the American who does know a little about England and does not hold the belief that King George resides in the Tower of London and has power to cut off heads at pleasure, has still some strange ideas about us. He has a curious

way of dealing with our history : he expropriates it.

He takes the whole of it down to the year 1775, when he started his own national career, and calls it his own. We are in it, of course, but so is he.

All our heroes and worthies are his too; Alfred the Great and King Richard, the Black Prince and Henry of Agincourt, Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth, Chaucer and Oliver Cromwell; they all belong to him as well as to us.

Shakespeare is his, and so is Milton and Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh, and all the great men of the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. In fact he only stops at the Napoleonic wars, and kindly leaves us Nelson and Wellington and Tennyson and Dickens for our very own.

He was an active participator of all those centuries, an equal partner with ourselves in their glories; and the men who were the pioneers of America, instead of being as we had been inclined to regard them, a discontented and somewhat cantankerous crew, were, in fact, the very flower and élite of the race, who won their liberty from a tyrannous king, defeated in two wars on land and sea the picked forces of that portion of the English who were

not intelligent enough to go to America, and then started a new history of their own.

That is how the educated American reads history, and really there is nothing more to be said on the matter afterwards.

And when you see some multi-millionaire negotiating for the sale of the home of Gray or Milton or Shakespeare, or as may one day happen, the Tower of London and Buckingham Palace, you will know that he feels that all these historic places really ought to be in America because there are 90 millions of people on his side and only 45 on ours, and each has an equal claim to their possession.

Unfortunately we have encouraged him in these thoughts.

The Press of Britain has fawned upon America; its ruling powers have yielded to her in every dispute, even to the length of sacrificing the interests of their own Colonies, and as a natural result America has acquired a false conception of England's power.

Individual Englishmen have ever regarded Americans with admiration and pride. Behold, they have said, our offspring; lost to us, it is true, but still ours, our very blood and bone; let us be proud of them.

'Strong Mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine,
Who wrenched their rights from thee.'

But Americans have rarely responded.

Is it any wonder that they, who regard life as a game of bluff, smile to themselves at this foolish, chicken-hearted admiration, living in a fool's Paradise in it, yet taking every possible advantage of it to their own lasting discredit? For what America needs above all else is to be told the real estimate in which she is held in the world. A nation cannot thrive and grow strong on fulsome adulation.

The American invasion differs from all other invasions; it does not destroy property nor endanger life, nor does it levy a tribute after the manner of other invaders. It is far more insidious in its methods than that, and its tribute will come in the end all the same if it succeeds.

Copying the method of the wife who wished to retain the affection of her husband, it began by feeding us, by placing our stomachs under subjection.

The great mass of English people have gradually become dependent on America for their daily food.

She supplies us with her cattle and her beef, her wheat and corn, her cheese and lard, her fruit, her bacon and ham, her canned foods of every description, from the nameless horrors of the Chicago packing houses to the tinned

salmon and pears of California. The 'roast beef of Old England' is almost an anachronism to-day; it is the roast beef of 'Young America' that most of us live and thrive upon.

She grows the cotton that Lancashire needs for her very existence, and it is an unfortunate fact that the County Palatine and our premier industry are economically dependent on America. She set out indeed to be a sort of universal provider to England, but that rôle was not sufficient to satisfy her ambitions for an indefinite period; she had other objects in view, and supplying us with food was only by way of a start.

There were manufactures in England and some of these might be supplanted by her manufactured goods, so she set to work more Americano. A determined attempt was made to capture the boot and shoe industry, and though here America has met with a partial reverse, it looks very much like a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. English people prefer leather to any other preparation for the protection of their feet, and that fact was lost sight of. Leicester and Northampton had given it to them for generations, and were not to be so easily driven out of the field. But the Americans met with some success; the word 'footwear' has been adopted into the English

language, the American way of building a shoe has become fairly common, intermediate sizes in boots have been introduced, a great deal of American machinery has been set up in English factories, and the operatives are now 'speeded up' and hustled after the Transatlantic fashion. She has not captured the industry, it is true, but she will return to the attack later on, with all the added experience of this slight repulse.

Two other determined and organised attacks to capture British industries have been made; one was on the tobacco trade, the other on the shipping industry.

America grows the leaf for the smoker, why should she not sell the finished article to him in the shops of England?

The idea was a fascinating one, and an attempt was made to carry it into practice. A powerful syndicate was formed, and one great firm, the makers of Ogden's Guinea Gold Cigarettes, was brought over to the enemy. But there it stopped, the rest of the trade took alarm; a bigger and wealthier syndicate than that of the Americans was quickly formed, the retail trade was offered bribes it could not well refuse, and the Imperial Tobacco Co. of Great Britain sprang into existence. The attempt failed, but let it be noted that it was only by

adopting the American's methods and fighting him at his own game that the attack was repulsed. It was obvious, too, that any Great British industry was vulnerable unless it adopted the same plans.

Ever since the days of her Civil War, when steam first began to supplant sails as a method of propulsion at sea, America has fallen hopelessly behind in her Mercantile Marine, and to-day she possesses one that in numbers would be unworthy of a third-rate power.

Occasionally in a European port one sees some full-rigged ship flying the 'Stars and Stripes,' occasionally in a Sailors' Home one really does come across an American sailor, but they are few and far between; the produce of America which feeds England and partly Europe, too, is carried in foreign bottoms, chiefly British, and of all the great passenger lines sailing between England and America only a solitary one, and that one of the smallest, flew the 'Stars and Stripes.'

It was a humiliating position for a great nation to be placed in, and about a dozen years ago American capital, marshalled in this instance by Mr Pierpont Morgan, made an onslaught on the British Mercantile Marine, partly because it was the biggest, and partly because other nations through subsidies and

Government control had wisely rendered their fleets inaccessible to foreign control.

The 'White Star' Line, whose fleet consisted of a hundred thousand tons of the finest steamers afloat largely patronized by Americans, became for a time practically an American concern. The shareholders were induced to part with their shares at a price that brooked no refusal, the management of the line was to be transferred from Liverpool to New York, the vessels were to fly the 'Stars and Stripes,' and were to be officered and manned by Americans. Part of this scheme actually fructified. This was but a part of a great idea of a 'combine' which was to draw within its fold all the lines between Britain and America, a great syndicate of vessels all to be controlled by Mr Pierpont Morgan.

The 'Red Star,' the 'Leyland,' the 'Dominion,' the 'Atlantic Transport,' the 'American,' and the 'White Star' itself were induced to become a part of this combine, and indeed are so still. Practically only the 'Cunard' amongst British lines to North America held outside, but that was sufficient. The Government took alarm, for two of the vessels that were temporarily lost were the *Teutonic* and *Majestic*, our own armed cruisers, and at that date two of the biggest and fastest afloat. It

was determined that never again should such a risk be run, and the 'Cunard' is now a partially subsidized line.

The 'combine' still remains; but in some mysterious way it has again become British. The officers and crews hail from Britain, the vessels are built in Britain (or Ireland), they are still chiefly owned over here, and though the concern bears a somewhat international aspect, it is now obvious that it is impossible to create an American mercantile fleet by the simple process of buying one from one's rivals.

Something more is needed to create a mercantile navy than that, and that something is a seafaring population—which America does not possess.

A careful survey of England of to-day will soon disclose the nature and extent to which American ideas have penetrated this country. Let us make one.

The first great Tube Railway in London—the Central London, the pioneer of all the others—was built by Americans, and many of the ideas and methods of this mode of transit are taken from America. Electricity is of course almost a native of America, there being a popular idea that Mr Edison invented it in his laboratory about the same time that he invented the phonograph, the telephone and a few other trifles of that nature.

Take a walk along any of the great thoroughfares of central London where some new building is in process of construction, and notice the novel method of scaffolding in use; that, too, is copied from America. Get into debt with some big firm of traders—it is quite a simple matter—and you will quickly learn the ingenious methods—also copied from America—by which your attention will be called to their ‘little account.’

Go into any big office in the City and see how America has peacefully penetrated there.

You will find the principal seated in front of a roll-top desk dictating letters to a girl who is using a typewriter; from time to time a bell rings, and he walks across the room to answer the telephone; when he signs a cheque he does it with a fountain pen; if he wishes to make an estimate he calculates the totals with an adding up and a multiplying machine; his accounts are entered in loose leaf ledgers, and he probably sits in a revolving chair. All these various devices hail from America.

It was said of us at one time that we take our pleasures sadly; the American wishes us to take them in gasps, so he provides us with scenic railways, dragon’s gorges and joy-wheels at our exhibitions and seaside resorts; he would like to make us as full of nerves as

he is himself, and in case we break down he has introduced to us another of his inventions—the 'rest cure.'

The theatres and the variety hall have had serious inroads made on them.

Charles Frohman, Augustin Daly, and other American *entrepreneurs* have 'presented' to us *Belles of New York* and *Girls from Kansas City* and *Men from Mexico* ad nauseam, until we are tired to death of them and their mechanical plots and slap-dash librettos.

A considerable section of the programme at any West End music-hall is occupied by American artistes, and in the way of Grand Opera, Oscar Hammerstein has presented London with a splendid Opera House.

Mr Hammerstein has also provided us with an excellent example of American petulance. He was received here with courtesy, consideration and kindness. The Press supported his great enterprise of giving London a second Grand Opera House to the fullest extent, but either because there was not room for it, or because he set about it in the wrong way, or because the London public is not yet sufficiently educated up to Grand Opera, it failed. Note what followed.

Mr Hammerstein retired, shook the dust of England off his feet, and went back to New

York, and there like a naughty child he called us names—very unkind ones too.

Like some others he has still to learn the lesson that when you are at Rome you must do as Rome does, and that it is by no means easy to force American methods on our old and extremely conservative people.

If you lean on the London public and humour it a little there is no more grateful and profitable public in the whole world, says another American.

But it does not pay to be rude to it, it will then ignore you. Exit Mr Hammerstein.

Then there was the visit of Sousa's band with new and quite undesirable instruments for the production of sound which we suffered and endured—for a time; it was a novelty, but one soon grew fatigued with it. Unfortunately it left a legacy behind it, and the bands of the British Army, which until that period had played with a precision and restraint altogether admirable, were infected by Sousa, and do not now hesitate to imitate the catcalls of American students or the war-cries of Red Indians to add a dash of variety to their programme.

Strange instruments, producing still stranger sounds, have sprung into existence, and it would surprise no one to hear the

British Grenadiers played to an accompaniment of Jew's harps and tom-toms, with the rustling of sandpaper and the sawing of wood and the gurgling of coons to make it picturesque.

America takes its musical inspiration from the coloured races, and wishes to pass it on to England; it has presented us with 'rag-times.'

A generation ago America looked to Europe for its medicine; American students went over to Paris and Berlin to study for their profession, and American surgeons followed the lead of their colleagues in England.

American degrees and diplomas were a by-word; American colleges turned out fully-fledged graduates after a year or two of 'study,' or even in some cases after a purely nominal course—coupled with the payment of a handsome fee—there was neither order nor method in medical education, and the land was full of ignorant and incompetent persons posing as medical men; to call oneself an American doctor in Europe was almost equivalent to being a dangerous quack.

All that—or a great deal of it—has been swiftly and radically altered; with two or three exceptions every State in the Union has been brought into line by the American Medical Association, and degrees are only granted after

an approved course of study; the leading medical schools of America rank with those of Europe, the John Hopkins University of Baltimore has carried out scientific research of world-wide value, an American Professor holds the Chair of Medicine at Oxford University, and American text-books are in the hands of many English students.

American methods of operating in surgery are gaining a footing in Europe. The American surgeon, reckless and daring where human life is concerned, has set the fashion for the indiscriminate removal of the appendix as a useless and dangerous relic, and we copy him. It is said that the appendices removed by a celebrated surgeon, if placed end to end, would reach from the Bank to the Marble Arch.

The invasion of the science and art of medicine and surgery by the fresh inventive minds of a young nation, untrammelled by the fetters of orthodoxy, has been to a great extent to our advantage; it has awakened the hidebound conservative Englishman from his archaic ideas—and he needed something to awaken him—and to that extent has done good; but side by side with this awakening there has been the invasion of the malignant American quack, and for sheer impudence and rascality he is *facile princeps* among the charlatans of mankind.

The difficulty is to distinguish the false from the true. Any American can or could obtain the degree of M.D.; no law or etiquette prevents him from advertising the fact.

He provides one with every species of patent medicine, he floods the country with books which under the guise of conveying useful and much-needed scientific information cloak every species of pruriency and abomination; with him science and pornography go hand in hand, and unchecked advertisement does the rest.

High priced 'cures' are got up in such a way as to delude the unwary into the belief that they are the product of scientific laboratories, and they are sent forth under the aegis of the name of some physician of world-wide fame whose name has been coolly appropriated without his permission. America produces so many quacks and so vast a quantity of quack medicines that she has an abundance of both left over—after supplying her own domestic needs—to export to other lands, and we are suffering in consequence.

She provides us with every conceivable species of patent manufactured foods, a few good, the vast majority worthless, and all highly priced and expensive in every meaning of that word.

The peculiar gastronomic ideas of Ameri-

cans—their chewing of gum, their drinking of iced water, their eating of hot, doughy cakes, their orgies in candy, their lightning methods of feeding, have played havoc with the national digestion, and every hillside and every mountain top in the land from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Savannah to the Golden Horn, cries aloud that fact together with the name of some benefactor to cure it.

The American eagle screams with dyspepsia. He would like us to resemble him, but in vain the net is spread before our eyes. 'Quick lunches,' run on American lines, have so far been a failure in England.

But the American dentist can be found in a flourishing condition in any West End street, and low-flash oil foisted on England at immense expense is to be found in every English household, though the Government, mindful of the lives of its soldiers and sailors and civil servants, shuts the door on it in all its public buildings.

But perhaps the most insidious scheme of all is that attempt which is being made through the aid of a certain section of the Press, often allied by ties of blood, to Americanize the English language.

The 'u' is disappearing in such words as colour and favour, the 'me' is being dropped

in words like programme, an 'l' is disappearing in traveller, and I have even noticed the substitution of 'er' for 're' in centre, all pure Americanisms. 'Foreword' takes the place of preface, 'fall' the place of autumn, and 'catalog' has even been seen; we have 'heat waves' and 'cold snaps,' and a host of other expressions which if unchecked will in time convert the language of Chaucer and Milton into the hybrid, high-pitched tongue which takes the place of Anglo-Saxon pure and undefiled in the streets of Milwaukee and Kansas City.

The American invasion is a serious menace, but there need be no fear of its ultimately prevailing as long as Englishmen are awake to its danger, for in every single instance where a *coup* has been attempted, when some industry has been attacked or some custom sought to be established, directly the danger has been seen the Americans have been routed and ejected *vi et armis*.

The inertia of the English race is inexhaustible and irresistible, but a new country like America is unaware of its existence. Even the undermining of the peerage by American heiresses will fail to touch us.

The secret dream of America is an Americanized England, to see London scrapped and rebuilt on the lines of a great Western city,

its historic buildings transplanted to adorn the grounds of American plutocrats, tramcars and trolley-cars running along every highway, skyscrapers surrounding the Bank of England—which will remain open all night,—telegraph poles and sky-signs disfiguring every street corner, departmental stores feeding and clothing the million, and a restless, nervous, dyspeptic multitude elbowing each other off the pavements, and over all, written in letters of fire, that sublimest precept of American civilization, 'Get on or get out!'

The British Empire will become the British Empire, Ltd., capital, so many million dollars; the American Eagle will scream twice nightly from the Clock Tower at Westminster; the products of Great Britain will be forced on to an unwilling world by the aid of American 'drummers,' and the big stick of American diplomacy will be flourished in the face of mankind.

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That is, if we permit it.

POLITICS AND
THE CONSTITUTION



VII

POLITICS AND THE CONSTITUTION

'A New World to *redress* the Balance of the Old.'

'We have been calling our Government a Republic, and we have been living under the delusion that it is a representative Government.'—Dr Woodrow Wilson.

To the European the internal politics of the Republic are generally a sealed book—a *terra incognita* of meaningless terms and phrases.

He is aware that America has taken some part latterly in the affairs of the world, that she has a habit—to please her own Irish population—of occasionally 'twisting the British lion's tail,' or like her prototype, the eagle, of giving her feelings vent in a scream, or talking big about 'whipping creation' or using a 'big stick,' just as Europe's war lord threatens to use his 'mailed fist.' But that is all for there his knowledge ends, and American politics to the European appear to consist of scandals and jobs about trusts, reforms in the Civil Service, Mormonism, Immigra-

tion Laws, the currency question, prohibition, and the everlasting Tariff.

The Presidential Election is a mere fight between two names for the Presidency. American Politics seem to him to be purely parochial, and the difference between a Republican and a Democrat very much like the difference between a solicitor and a lawyer or that between an alligator and a crocodile. There is, however, a difference between them, and a few words about the constitution and the political parties of America may serve to dispel a good deal of ignorance and explain many things that seem incomprehensible to Englishmen.

When the thirteen North American Colonies parted company from us in 1776 they had to find a model for the State they were about to found, and they discovered one in France, the nation which then, as now, was ever giving ideas to mankind, and incidentally the country without whose aid America would not then have achieved her independence, whatever she might have done in later days.

America became a Republic with a President at its head, and, having no precedents to build upon, she adopted a written constitution—a flamboyant, rhetorical, and I'm-the-cock-of-the-walk sort of document. That constitution

exists to-day and cannot be altered in any way without the consent of the President, the Senate, Congress and the Supreme Judicature. It is a cumbrous document because it is an artificial one, and not like the unwritten British Constitution, which has been slowly and carefully evolved to meet circumstances as they arose and, therefore, generally speaking works smoothly and well.

The first great essential of the new Republic was to be as unlike the mother country as possible, just as the Protestants at the Reformation flew to the other pole from the Catholics; and this principle has been maintained ever since to the great loss and detriment of America, for even in such trivialities as names, if we called a thing a spade they had to call it a club just to be different, even though the thing obviously was best named a spade.

The thirteen Colonies before the Revolution had their own local legislatures, and the Crown of England was represented in each by a Governor; in England there were the three estates of the Realm: the Throne, the Lords and the Commons.

Obviously those names were inadmissible, nevertheless when they set to work they had to adopt something very much like them.

They chose a capital city—Washington in

the District of Columbia—and placed it outside the other States politically; in place of a sovereign they chose a President to be elected by a roundabout process of Electoral Colleges for a period of four years; they made him the head of the Army and Navy, and gave him power to declare war and make treaties, thereby allowing him greater authority whilst he was in power than the King of England himself possesses.

Next to the President stands the Vice-President (that is in name), for in reality he is generally a nonentity, and to be made Vice-President of the United States is somewhat akin to political extinction, unless death or the hand of the assassin intervenes to remove the President during his term of office, in which case the Vice-President steps automatically into his shoes and completes his unexpired term of office. Mr Roosevelt had that fortunate experience, his opponents amongst his own party having side-tracked him into the Vice-Presidency on account of his outspoken opinions about Trusts and other matters. But nevertheless this chance is a remote one having only occurred three times in a century and a quarter.

It is a remarkable and interesting fact that until the last twenty-five years a great ma-

jority of the holders of the Presidency had hailed from one single State—Virginia. That State was settled chiefly by Cavaliers and Royalists, but whether there is any connection between those two facts it would be hazardous to guess.

So much for the Presidency.

The active, directly elected, legislative body in America corresponding to our House of Commons is Congress or the House of Representatives. It consists of 390 paid members who are drawn from every one of the 49 States of the Union in exact proportion to their population. Thus Rhode Island, the smallest State has only 2; New York, the 'Empire' State as it is called, has 37, and it is the political complexion of one or two of the larger States, such as New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, that decides which party is in power.

Obviously a large State has far greater weight in Congress than a small one, and this was one difficulty that faced the new Republic at its inception, and disputes over its solution have been at the root of American Politics ever since; it was this (rather than slavery) that led to the Civil War.

The 13 independent States who threw off the yoke of Britain had joined together against the common 'oppressor' as free and equal

units; how was that freedom and equality to be maintained in a New Republic, when one original Colony was small and sparse in population, and another was big and numerous in numbers, for, be it recollected, they were to be 'free and independent united States'; a congeries of self-governing federated units.

The difficulty has never been completely solved, but a partial solution has been arrived at in the following way :—

In Congress each State is represented according to its size and numbers; in the Senate or the Upper House each State is represented by two Members no matter what its size or importance; Vermont here equals New York, and New Hampshire, Texas.

The Senate or Upper House is thus an elective body.

It is small in numbers compared to the other House (having only 90 odd members), but it has considerable power and influence, and as it is not always of the same political complexion as the Government of the day and as its Committee on Foreign Relations has power to rectify or reject certain acts of the President, it is often the cause of considerable trouble.

The President of a Republic suffers one serious disability that can never be removed as long as party politics remain what they are.

All through his years of office he is not only the President, he is also the leader of one particular Party in the State, he has to descend into the turmoil of party strife and to give and receive blows that are good neither for his dignity nor his high office. His opponents are straining every nerve to discredit his policy and to prevent his re-election for a further term of years, nor do they hesitate about the nature of the means employed in America.

When he speaks he speaks for rather more than half his countrymen—but no more. Mr Roosevelt, during the later years of his Presidency, had got into the habit of issuing a lengthy Presidential address at the New Year in which almost every conceivable topic was discussed; a sort of American Mansion House Speech or the Diplomatic Reception of a German Emperor. This was invariably torn to pieces by the other side next day. When Booker Washington, the acknowledged leader of the Negro Race, dined at the White House, a howl of rage went up throughout America.

‘Why should Mr Roosevelt not be treated as a nigger,’ cried a section of the Press.

Under these circumstances it will be seen that it is quite impossible either for the President to represent America or to undertake any

sort of unofficial diplomatic duties. He can never act like our own Edward VII, who became the 'Uncle of Europe,' a kind of wise, benevolent, patriarchal figure placed on a height far above the maddening turmoil of conflicting parties, and who could and did speak for England alone.

That is one outstanding virtue of a Monarchy, and though it has its dangers and defects, there are some events that can only be brought about by the personal agency of a sovereign. In what other way could the altered feeling of England towards France have been accomplished? Not by the political action of any single statesman, for that would at once have become a party affair and as such would have been violently attacked by the other side. There has been a recent example of this in the person of Mr Roosevelt who because he has denounced the outbreak of 'Mob Law' and 'Lynch Law' against the coloured race as a disgrace to American civilization, or indeed to any other, has been violently accused of pro-negro sympathies.

The President resides at the White House in Washington during his years of office, where he lives simply and without any show of ceremony or state whatever.

It is a tradition that being himself a plain

American citizen he should be readily accessible to every other American citizen and this idea is carried to an absurd extreme, and on certain days he is understood to have suffered the penance of having to shake hands with some ten thousand citizens.

There is neither dignity nor reverence for anything in America, not even the Presidential office itself, and this carrying out of the principle that every man is as good as every one else (and generally a little better) has simply had the effect of divesting the first citizen in the land of some of the authority and dignity which he should possess. There is an element of 'flunkeyism' in it too, that runs like a streak right through American life from top to bottom, in spite of the aggressively-asserted ideas about equality.

Farmer Field from Missouri feels a bigger man after his hand has been clasped in the Presidential palm and after his store clothes have been beamed upon by the Presidential smile; there are said to be at least four thousand women still living in New York city alone who danced with King Edward VII when as Prince of Wales, some half a century ago, he paid his one and only visit to Washington, and attended one solitary ball there. And the American plutocrat is only too eager to

allow his daughters to wed Italian Counts or Russian Princes no matter how doubtful their titles and their past may be.

There are only two parties in the American Legislature—the Republicans and Democrats, though at times there have been attempts to create a third, such as the Prohibitionists, or the Abolitionist party of the fifties, or the Socialist of to-day; labour it may be remarked is not directly represented at all. When the original Colonies drew up the constitution and formed themselves into the United States, there were two opposing ideas as to how the union of those colonies was to be interpreted, and those opposing ideas exist to this day, and have given rise to the terms ‘Republican’ and ‘Democrat.’

In the first place, the original colonies, each of which before the days of their independence possessed a Legislature and special privileges of its own, could have been fused into a single republic, one and indivisible like that of France; that is the *republican* conception of the United States, the supreme authority vested in the National Legislature at Washington, and each separate State granted the power to make its own domestic laws and no more. On the other hand the United States at their inception might have been regarded as the

Union of thirteen equal and independent colonies, united for mutual protection, but each retaining to a large extent the rights of a sovereign State; that is the Democratic idea of the Union, and that idea gave rise to the Democratic party. On this idea a State could secede or leave the Union.

At the present day, however, the terms are almost if not quite meaningless, and an American is either a Republican or a Democrat for reasons quite subsidiary to these; because he lives in a certain part of the Republic or because he prefers Mr Roosevelt to Mr Bryan, but in its early years the Republic nearly came to grief over this very question of 'State rights,' and again during the years preceding the Civil War the question became acute, and it was to settle this question—(and not the allied one of slavery)—that that war was fought.

Had a State the right to secede? The Southern States, who possessed slaves and upheld slavery, declared that it had; the Northern States, largely but by no means entirely abolitionist in principle, denied that right: to them the Republic was an entity which could not be split in two, and to do so was an act of rebellion. The result is a matter of history.

The South took up arms, fired the first shot,

and after a four years' struggle that question was settled for ever.

When Sir James Bryce wrote his *American Commonwealth* about fifteen years ago, he showed what a bad prophet he was by declaring that no one could conceive of the Republic interfering in the affairs of the world outside her own Continent.

Since that day America has fought a war with Spain, annexed Cuba and the Philippines, threatened Germany with the Munroe doctrine, blustered ineffectually at England over Venezuela, taken part in the relief of the Legations at Peking during the Boxer Rebellion, supplied Persia with a Chancellor of the Exchequer, been at loggerheads with Germany over Samoa, and brought her relations with Japan to such a state of tension that war has been regarded as inevitable on more than one occasion.

In this last instance, by the way, the action of the one State directly concerned (California) has been in flat defiance of the Government at Washington.

That is not a bad record for a policy of non-interference for a dozen years or so.

The policy of the 'big stick' has not been universally successful in diplomacy. In 1898 the *Maine* was supposed to have been sunk

in Havana harbour by the agency of the Spaniards. All America declared and believed that it had been until a dozen years or so later American engineers had to tell their countrymen that the explosion on that battleship was the result of purely accidental causes.

Spain, threatened and bullied, replied with true Castilian dignity by dismissing the American Ambassador from Madrid, though well aware of the unequal nature of the contest that would ensue.

In the case of Venezuela, Mr Grover Cleveland attempted to bluster the late Lord Salisbury of all persons in the world, and the reply of England was such a withdrawal of British capital from America as to make the Americans wish that Mr Cleveland had never existed.

It may well be enquired what class of men it is that take up politics, and are in that sense the rulers of America.

Not the highest by any means; the class that in England adopts a public career as the highest object of its ambition, the trained governing class of the Empire, is almost non-existent in America, and the best intellects all gravitate to commerce and eschew politics as a thing accursed.

Thus it comes to pass that a career in the

Legislature is left to men of very second-rate ability and generally of very small means. Practically speaking America is 'governed' by attorneys, and attorneys of the second rank.

There is nothing whatever in American politics to attract the best minds, for the pecuniary rewards are not very great and the honour far less than in Europe.

Outside the Presidency and the Governorship of a great State there are but few positions of power and influence open to public men in America, hence there is little to influence men to enter either political life or the Diplomatic or Civil Services; there are, however, a few 'plums' which are at the disposal of the President, and the chief of these are the Ambassadorships at the Courts of London, Paris and Berlin. England, indeed, has been fortunate in having had the honour of some of the most distinguished of Americans to represent America in her capital.

But these posts are so few as to be scarcely worthy of mention.

It is extraordinary how little interest is taken in politics and public affairs in America outside the Presidential election; the Press scarcely reports debates at Washington, there are few public meetings, and beyond the President and Vice-President the names of

scarcely half-a-dozen men are familiar to the average American. This in itself denotes an unhealthy state of affairs, for where there is no public interest there can be no public zeal.

The ambition of young men in America does not run to being President of the Republic, so much as to being President of a railroad or a big insurance company or head of a Trust; Pierpont Morgan is the national hero, not George Washington or Abraham Lincoln. If either of those two could arise from the grave they would shake the dust of America off their feet to-day.

If the National Parliament at Washington is composed of men of little standing and intellect, what shall we say of the State Legislatures, the local governing bodies that frame the laws for each individual State?

There are about 49 of these, one for each State of the Union, and each is 'located' in a State Capitol in the capital city of the State, which is generally, for reasons already mentioned, some small country town. The capital of Pennsylvania is not Philadelphia but Harrisburg, the capital of Illinois is not Chicago but Springfield, and the capital of Louisiana is not New Orleans but a little place called Baton Rouge.

Each State Legislature consists of two

Houses resembling those at Washington—a House of Representatives and a Senate—which are elected in a similar way; each State has also a Governor, who is appointed by the President, and represents the National Legislature. The Governor of New York State is a man of wide influence.

State Legislatures can make laws relating to what we should call 'local government'; gas, electric light, water, railways, companies, transport, &c., all fall under their sway; they can also make laws on temperance, divorce, the Suffrage, and many other kindred topics, and from this it follows that laws vary widely in different States.

A considerable number of States are now prohibitionist but the majority are not, so if you happen to be in a train as it traverses one of the former States your drinks—if you have any—are sternly removed by an incivil conductor directly you cross the border, to be returned when you again emerge into a 'free liquor' State, and similarly a man can get a divorce in one State for reasons that are held inadequate in others. These State Legislatures indulge in a great deal of experimental legislation.

If the class of men who sit at Washington is not high, those who sit at the State Capitols

are still lower, and it is here that the greatest scandals of public life generally occur. The members of these bodies (which are generally small in number) are often simply the nominees of great Trusts and corporations, and the laws are openly defied by those powerful bodies; at other times members go to the legislature simply to practise blackmail on those concerns. 'Graft' and corruption are widespread.

The laws relating to the hours of labour, the age at which children may work, the inspection of food, &c., are shamelessly set at naught; child labour is not permitted in England but it flourishes in some parts of America, in the cotton mills of the South for instance.

As some States have made a speciality of prohibition so others have made a speciality of divorce; Dakota, North and South, two of the latest additions to the Union, are celebrated for their easy divorce laws, and there are 'divorce colonies' where those intending to go through that ceremony can reside for the necessary probationary term and thereby enrich the funds of the State.

It may be stated as an axiom that wealthy corporations are able to snap their fingers at State Legislatures and to defy their powers; railroads in particular are notorious sinners

in this respect. They possess great tracts of undeveloped land in the newer States and it is a commonplace that such and such a company 'own' a particular State; *i.e.*, it owns the State Parliament.

This necessarily brief sketch of American politics does not impress one with any sense of the dignity of American public life. To be quite candid that dignity does not exist.

Why is it that America has fallen so far below European standards even in this respect? Why is the level of public morality so extraordinarily low?

The answer is simple. America, in her conceit, has obstinately refused to take a lesson from England or any European country, she has allowed individualism to run riot, and the result is what we see to-day.

It has often been a pleasant fancy to picture the United States as they might have been had there been no Revolutionary War and no separation from Britain, but a gradual process of almost complete independence under the British flag and under the tutelage of England after the lines on which Canada and Australia have become Dominions. What might have happened?

In the first place that *concealed* hostility and jealousy between England and America which

exists to this very day need never had arisen; there would not have been the memories of two wars to divide the race, nor the constant thwarting of each other's policy which has prevailed ever since. Englishmen and Scotchmen would have emigrated in far greater numbers to America than they have—which country would then have been under one flag and one law from the Arctic Ocean to Mexico—and the predominant Anglo-Saxon character of America would have been assured as it is not now.

The Western and North Western States might have been settled by the best blood of the Midland Shires, the Dales of Yorkshire and Cumberland and the Scottish Lowlands, instead of being colonized by the refuse of Central Europe.

As it would not have been a loss of nationality and a loss of social standing to settle in America, emigration would have poured out from England in a way it has never yet done. The genius of the race would have gone with it.

Where there is now lawlessness and anarchy there would have been law and order; witness the marked difference between the newer States of the far West and the far West of Canada where much the same class of population is attracted.

One set of laws would have run through the whole Anglo-American Empire.

The instinct of the Anglo-Saxon race for good government and fair play would have been America's, and a race of men, versed in the science and art of government, would have been at her disposal to direct the steps of the infant State. There would have been no crude and ridiculous experiments in legislation fifty years ahead of public opinion. The laws would have been respected, not flouted.

The octopus of commerce would not have been allowed to strangle the life of the nation, and the best minds of America would not have been absorbed in making money.

The ideals of the race would have been higher, its commercial life more scrupulous, its development better ordered and there would have been none of that shrieking self-advertisement which Americans mistake for patriotism, but which only makes Europeans laugh.

America has ever shown a remarkable disposition to intervene in the affairs of other peoples, to establish a universal 'Monroe Doctrine' as it were, not always indeed out of a pure disinterested love of doing good but more frequently because in some way not always obvious to the outside world she was suffering or about to suffer in her pocket.

As far back as the earliest years of the 19th century she interfered with the Dey of Algiers over the question of the Barbary pirates; American sailing ships were then rapidly increasing in numbers and were occasionally the victims of these freebooters of the seas. The motive for interference though a good one, was not entirely pure altruism.

Again she has interfered with, or perhaps one should rather say, has 'interested herself' at various times in the affairs of China, Japan, Mexico, the United States of Columbia, Venezuela, Brazil, Nicaragua, Spain, Samoa, Persia, Turkey, Russia, France, and Canada.

Not a trivial list by any means for one century and a quarter of a country which throws its mantle of protection over the whole of the New World and professes to steer clear of the affairs of the Old.

Some dozen years ago America was greatly concerned over the treatment meted out to certain Roumanians in *Roumania*; her moral indignation even went to the length, I believe, of a protest to the government of that country. Her tenderness for these persecuted ones was very touching.

When later on, however, the Immigration Reports revealed the fact that those distressed and generally penniless Roumanians were

flocking to America in considerable numbers it placed quite another aspect on the situation. Business is business. Again more recently there was some difference of opinion between America and Russia over the latter country's treatment of the Jews; an affair of passports, which has led to criticism of the treatment of Jews in Russia.

This matter, indeed, is a purely domestic concern of the Russian Government; how she treats her Jews is her own concern, and there are two sides even to that question, but lying behind the indignation of America is the fact that she has no particular desire for a further influx of Russian Jews into her own territory, for the Jew is a serious business rival of the native American, and already the Yiddisher element is a very considerable one in New York City and elsewhere in America.

There are other ways in which America has made her influence felt in matters which are not entirely, or even to any considerable extent, her own concern, and of these a recent example will occur to many.

In April 1912 the White Star liner *Titanic* foundered on her maiden voyage in the North Atlantic Ocean with the loss of 1,600 lives. Only about 800 of the passengers and crew escaped in the boats and were picked up by the *Carpathia* and brought to New York.

Amid the grief and shock of this unparalleled disaster of the sea which brought a tragedy to hundreds of homes in England and America alike, there were some things said and done which escaped the comment they would assuredly have received at any other moment. It was not the hour for captious criticism, for Nature had for once asserted her sovereignty over all men, and in the face of this supreme catastrophe the littleness of human affairs was vividly impressed on the minds of men.

The perspective is a little clearer now and we can see things that happened free from the sway of deep emotion. A Royal Commission has deliberated in England and has issued its report, and we now know, as far as we ever shall know, the cause of the loss of the *Titanic*.

In these circumstances, then, it may not now be unprofitable or invidious to examine certain proceedings which passed unchallenged at the time of their happening, and in doing so, it will be well to recall certain facts to mind.

The *Titanic* was a British vessel belonging to the White Star Line, built at Belfast, and registered in Great Britain; she flew the Union Jack and was manned by British officers and men, and she sailed from the English port of

Southampton. Her passengers, like those of all Atlantic liners, were of all races and countries, with a preponderance in the first saloon of Americans.

She sunk about 100 miles south of Newfoundland in non-territorial waters, for the North Atlantic outside a three-mile limit knows no nationality.

She foundered; no other vessel was concerned in the disaster, and the *Carpathia* which picked up the boats was itself a British vessel, and carried the survivors to New York simply because it was the nearest and most convenient port.

Under these circumstances the only country which had a legal right to hold any inquiry and examine witnesses and issue a report was the country where the vessel was built and registered and whose flag she flew.

Nevertheless certain strange proceedings were witnessed in New York and Washington which only the appalling magnitude of the disaster and the shock it produced on men's minds can excuse.

Senator Smith (of Michigan) immediately constituted a Court of Inquiry composed chiefly of himself, but undoubtedly invested with some authority from the United States Senate, hurried to New York, placed the

surviving officers and crew of the *Titanic* under something very much like arrest—they were not allowed to return to England till all their evidence had been given—detained witnesses, examined, cross examined, and occasionally bullied officers and passengers alike, and generally carried out a rapid and searching, if somewhat erratic, inquiry into the disaster, before a single soul was allowed to return to England where a judicial enquiry was being held.

Now it is needless to say that the whole proceedings were absolutely *ultra vires* as far as the power to detain witnesses was concerned, and had the positions been reversed—*i.e.*, had we held an inquiry in London on the loss of an American ship in the North Atlantic—it would have led to some very plain speaking on the part of America. When an American vessel sank off Cornwall some score of years ago—actually in British waters by the way—and an inquest was held on those drowned, the American officers of the ship declined to give evidence, pleading that the Court possessed no jurisdiction over them. What jurisdiction had Senator Smith (of Michigan) or America over the *Titanic* and its officers?

The fact that there were many American passengers on board and that the vessel was

bound to an American port gave no jurisdiction to Senator Smith. Whence then did he derive the authority?

There are some who might possibly regard it as another example of America's high-handed interference in the affairs of another country, but I prefer to take a more lenient view.

There is a limit to the expression of all human grief. 'Behind sorrow there is always sorrow,' says Oscar Wilde. Yet though the sorrow is ever present, though the grief of the widow and the orphan must abide for ever, there comes a moment when that grief must be temporarily forgotten and hidden, or else the mind will give way altogether.

We cannot always live under the spell of the funeral service, nor for ever listen to the throbbing strains of the 'Dead March.'

When a soldier is buried and the last sad obsequies have been performed, the return to barracks is made to the accompaniment of a quick and lively march; the living must not dwell too long in thought on the dead.

In this way then Senator Smith may have done the world a service in providing the relief essential to our tragedy.

His original and diverting inquiries into the composition of icebergs, the construction of

water-tight compartments, the use of thermometers, the difference between the bows and the stern of a steamer and other nautical matters, added no little to the gaiety of the world, and helped to direct men's thoughts from scenes on which it is wiser not to linger too long.

A friend of mine has whispered to me another suggestion, one that I only relate with bated breath.

It is to the effect that envy and admiration prompted the sudden enquiry of Senator Smith.

All the greatest catastrophes of the world had hitherto been American catastrophes, yet here was one, easily surpassing all its predecessors, that happened to another nation. The *Titanic* disaster eclipsed all American disasters, and there was a desperate desire to know how it was done; hence the sudden inquiry.

I give it with all reserve, feeling the subject is not one for merriment.

To close this chapter let me relate the latest instance of American diplomacy.

The climate of Panama is a deadly one for Europeans.

In the bad old days of the tropics before malaria, yellow fever, cholera and plague were being fought by sanitation and bacteriology, the narrow isthmus connecting North and South America, the piercing of which by a ship canal will shorten the journey to the Far East by many thousands of miles, and bring the countries of South America bordering the Pacific Ocean into infinitely closer touch with the rest of the world, was truly a 'white man's grave.'

It used to be said that the canal would cost a life for every yard of it that was dug, and that a funeral train for the dead ran daily along the line of rail from Colon to Aspinwall, picking up its ghastly burdens en route.

But the unhealthy atmosphere of Panama has not been confined to the Isthmus of that name; it has spread far and wide beyond its immediate surroundings.

It overthrew a government in Paris and covered some of the greatest names in France with shame. It caused the pioneer of the original canal, the man who had achieved lasting fame at Suez, to end his days in unmerited obloquy.

Almost everyone in France who was in any

way connected with Panama fell into dire disgrace. Some noxious miasmatic vapour seems to emanate from its very soil, fouling all it touches.

And now, when the canal is nearly completed, another nation is being contaminated by it, and the reputation of the President and the good faith of the American people are being besmirched by it.

Clearly there must be something fatal about the atmosphere of Panama.

The original scheme to pierce the Isthmus by a canal connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean was the work of France and Ferdinand de Lesseps—the ‘great Frenchman’ as he was affectionately called by his fellow-countrymen before his downfall—was the engineer. Nevertheless the French met with apparently insurmountable obstacles almost from the start. The climate was deadly and killed off thousands like flies; at one part of the route solid rock had to be pierced, at another time after time torrential streams washed away the labour of months.

Only the sublime faith of France in De Lesseps enabled the work to proceed. The capital sunk was enormous, millions of francs

were swallowed up in Panama, but still De Lesseps went on. Had he not already accomplished at Suez what the engineers of Europe had declared to be impracticable? He would repeat that triumph at Panama. But he had a more deadly foe to contend with in Central America than the climate and the mountain torrents, for speculation and 'graft' had been pursued on a colossal scale, and one day the crash came.

From top to bottom it was discovered that the names most honoured in France were involved, and merely to be called a 'Panamiste' meant ruin, for the millions had gone—no one knew where or how—and the canal was as far from completion as ever.

Of those connected with Panama only De Lesseps, on account of his age and his glorious past, escaped punishment. After this no more millions could be extracted out of French pockets for Panama, and the canal was abandoned as far as France was concerned. That was the end of stage one of Panama.

Under an old treaty of 1850—the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty—England had certain rights and privileges in this little corner of Central America. There had been an alternative

scheme for a canal connected with Lake Nicaragua in which England was closely interested, and when, some time after the abandonment of Panama by France, America proposed to buy the derelict property and construct the canal herself she concluded an arrangement known as the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty by which if America built the canal England surrendered the rights she possessed on certain conditions.

That treaty was signed in 1901.

There is a salient fact that is apt to be lost sight of in the controversy that has now arisen, and that fact is that the canal has not been cut through an integral portion of the United States, or anywhere near it.

True, American dollars helped to complete it, and American skill and enterprise made it possible, and the greatest possible credit is due for that; nevertheless the canal pierces a small Central American State separated by the whole of Mexico and the small Republics of Central America from the land of the 'Stars and Stripes,' and this geographical fact should be remembered when it is proposed, as it now is, to class shipping going from New York to San Francisco via the canal as *coasting* vessels.

There are some people in America who are now beginning to speak of the canal as if it was a purely domestic concern of the Americans.

In the summer of 1912 there came from Washington a sinister rumour to the effect that 'lobbying' was being extensively pursued in connection with an amendment to the Panama Canal Bill then before the Senate.

You know what that means in America; impecunious and week-kneed legislators are amenable to a little pressure, and Trusts and Corporations spend large sums of money in keeping them up to the mark.

It is a good investment and there were 'interests' involved in Panama.

American shipping—now almost moribund—perceived the great possibilities opened up by the canal; if it could only secure a discrimination in dues, or a rebate against the shipping of other countries, it might once more be placed in a flourishing condition, and only the honour of the nation stood between Congress and the transaction of what is commonly known as a 'splendid piece of business.'

Would the American Government yield to pressure? Europe was incredulous; there was

the Treaty ratified between England and America by which the latter solemnly bound herself not to discriminate in favour of any one country; surely a great nation would not descend so low as to go back on its own word, 'in faith whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed this Treaty and thereunto affixed their seals.'

The Treaty is clear and definite.

Article I says :—

'This convention shall supersede the Bulwer-Lytton convention of 1850.'

Article II says :—

'The canal may be constructed under the auspices of the American Government, and subject to the provisions of the present Treaty the said Government shall enjoy all the rights as well as the exclusive right of managing the canal.'

Article III :—

'The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the condition of charges or traffic or otherwise.'

Mr Taft is a lawyer and many of his fellow-

legislators are lawyers, but it is doubtful if all the lawyers of the world sitting in conclave could read into that last Article any other meaning than the one intended by the plenipotentiaries who drew it up, viz.:—‘That there was to be no discrimination between one nation and another,’ nevertheless in spite of that the Senate proceeded to add to the Panama Canal Bill a clause discriminating in favour of American shipping, and Mr Taft, after a little indecent wobbling appropriate to the occasion, and an ‘explanation’ that did not explain anything except the undeniable fact that America was going to break her word, has decided to ratify it.

After all there *is* to be a discrimination in favour of American shipping either in the form of lower dues or a rebate—it matters little which.

The canal is to be regarded as a portion of the American coast, and a vessel sailing from New York or Baltimore to San Francisco or Portland, Oregon, as a ‘coasting’ vessel.

Immediately on the receipt of the news that America had decided to adopt this course, a strong protest was lodged by Great Britain, and the world at large took the opportunity of

making some very forcible remarks about this last example of international bad faith. Other nations have broken Treaties before this—when they had been compelled to sign them by *force majeure*, for example—but surely in all history there is no more flagrant example of the violation of a Treaty for such sordid motives. With that protest the matter now rests.*

It might be thought that here, at least, was a case for arbitration at the Hague or elsewhere, but many American legislators have protested against that course in advance, declaring that the sword is the sole arbiter of the laws of a sovereign State; so much for arbitration, of which Mr Taft is—or was—one of the chief apostles.

The British Press has been singularly reticent in its comment on Panama. Fortunately it has been relieved of the necessity of, for once in a way, expressing its views on American diplomacy by the remarkably candid opinions of the leading journals of America, and there is not the least need for any others to express a single word of comment. The Americans have done it themselves.

The *New York Times* says :—‘An outrageous measure, worthy of a police-court shyster—disgraceful and flagitious.’

The *New York Tribune* :—‘A very bad measure.’

The *New York Times* :—‘A greater disgrace than a naval reverse off Colon.’

The *New York World* doubts ‘if Mr Taft has convinced himself.’

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Only the very yellowest journals such as the *New York American* defended the action of their Government, and these did so on the ground that the canal was built with American money and therefore they could do what they liked with it. It is our canal, they said in effect, let us make the foreigners pay for it, regardless of all Treaties; the argument, in short, of a defaulting tradesman.

Many well known Americans were equally outspoken in denunciation of the Bill and in the face of this it is not the place of an Englishman to add a single word of criticism.

Let us examine for a moment, however, the ‘defence’ set up by the American Government, and there we end with Panama and the foreign policy of the United States.

It has been contended at great length—and the contention needs a vast number of words to explain—that when Article 3 of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty declares that ‘the canal shall be free and open to all nations, &c.,’ it really means all nations outside America!

Again, in the same clause in the reference to ‘all nations’ it is suggested that France and Germany are nations, but America is not; it is the United States!

By all means let Mr Taft and his advisers have all the credit due to these amazing arguments themselves, we do not desire to share it.

True, America is not yet a nation in a racial sense, it is only a melting-pot of sundry European nationalities, but even that, when it possesses the rights and privileges of a world-Power, must possess a legal entity for international usages, otherwise it may well be asked on whose behalf did Mr Hay sign the Hay-Pauncefote Convention?

There is another point to be remembered by way of excuse for the President.

The Presidential election was looming near with three candidates in the field; each of these, to stand the least ghost of a chance, had to show themselves to be ultra-American

patriots and let the American Eagle do a little screaming, and therefore the lion's tail must be twisted in the traditional manner.

Neither of three candidates openly disavowed the Panama Bill, they dared not. But they uttered words which they fervently hope will be decently forgotten and buried as soon as the election is over.

It is the price otherwise honest men have to pay for the maladministration of their country.

THE AMERICAN PRESS

VIII

THE AMERICAN PRESS

'Let laws and learning, arts and commerce, die;
But still preserve our old *mendacity*.'

A DISTINGUISHED Englishman of world-wide fame was visiting America for the first time and, being a celebrity, was duly honoured and entertained; he was the 'lion' of Society for the moment.

The Press, very naturally, wished to hear his views on everything he had and had not seen, especially the American women, but unfortunately this particular 'lion,' being one of the strong, silent kind, had objections to being interviewed even in his own country, and to the regiment of Pressmen who waylaid him at his hotel and followed him about the City he gave a steady refusal.

They persisted; he was obstinacy personified.

His American friends heard of the incident

and were alarmed; they knew their fellow-countrymen and shook their heads.

All to no purpose, he would *not* be interviewed, and there was an end of the matter as he thought.

Imagine, then, his horror when a few days later he read one morning a caricature of his views—two columns long and headed by a wood-cut of himself—on every conceivable topic that might interest the American reader, from the courtesy of the Customs officials to the chances of the two candidates for the Presidency.

He shook the dust of this enterprising and inventive country off his feet at once.

This interviewing of distinguished—and other—foreigners is no little matter. Reputations have been made and broken by it; it has even threatened the friendly relations between England and America.

It may be laid down as a rule that unless you are prepared to flatter the American public in your first interview that your mission in America, whatever it may be, will be a dismal failure.

The Press will either turn you into ridicule as it did Winston Churchill, or it will ignore

you as it did one or two others whose names will readily occur, and either method of treatment is equally fatal to your prospects if you have anything to give to the public, for nowadays the favourable notice of the Press is almost indispensable to success.

The resourcefulness of the American interviewer was well brought out in the case of Lord Kitchener. The incident may be apocryphal, but it deserves to be true and is quite good enough to be related.

The hero of Khartoum had turned his back on a group of Pressmen and was slowly walking away, when one of them exclaimed :—

‘Lord Kitchener, it is reported you have never turned your back on the foe yet; don’t break your record now.’

The strategy was successful.

Some celebrities have tried to get into America without being interviewed, to sneak into the country as it were; one—I forget who—even made a wager that he would escape, but as a rule these great ones, both men and women, are not averse to this form of notoriety.

This is how an American journal is constructed.

Take the most sensational Sunday paper

published in England—one of the type that consists for the most part of records of scandals in high life, of police news, of suicides and murders, and of the *causerie* of the Divorce Court—add thereto a considerable quantity of Stock Exchange gossip after the manner of financial organs of the baser sort, throw in a dash of partisan political matter in the style of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, plaster over the front page with ‘scare’ headlines, insert with heavily-leaded headlines an interview with a girl of 17 who has eloped to Saratoga or Atlantic City with her father’s chauffeur, call your opponents any unpleasant names you can think of, for there is no law to stop you, scatter a few spicy anecdotes over the back page, tell your readers where Mrs Brown of Kalonazoo City spent her last weekend and what Mrs Jones of Idaho wore in the jewellery line at the last Court Ball in London, devote half a column of small print in an out-of-the-way corner of the paper to the events of the world outside the American Republic, and you will have a fair sample of an average, serious, respectable paper in America.

The others—those that are distinctly ‘yellow’ in tone—are beyond the power of my

modest pen to describe : they must be read to be appreciated.

To read the American Press is amusing and even interesting for a time, but after a little while one gets the same unsatisfied feeling that occurs after a meal of sandwiches washed down with a glass of cheap champagne.

There is no substance in it. Unfortunately the American, who reads but little else, takes his Press seriously and wallows in it, hence his almost inconceivable ignorance on almost everything outside a few carefully chosen topics.

Treated as a huge national joke, the Press of America is worthy of the closest study; as a purveyor of news or as an expression of public opinion, it is beneath consideration.

Its one glaring defect is the lack of any due sense of proportion.

The most trivial and unimportant happenings, provided they take place in the United States and are of a piquant or personal nature, are recorded in prominent columns on the front page; the events of the world that really matter are tucked away in odd corners or pass altogether unnoticed.

It may be that the American editor knows

the mental calibre of his readers best, but that is no excuse; it is he who has created that taste, and to it he deliberately panders.

This kind of contents bill shows the relative importance attached to various topics :—

ROOSEVELT ON THE RAMP IN
OKLAHOMA.

SECRETARY JOHN P. DUMPINGTON
CLEARS TO CANADA WITH TWO
MILLION DOLLARS.

PRETTY LITTLE 17-YEAR OLD
DAUGHTER OF MILLIONAIRE
ELOPES WITH GARDENER.
THE HAPPY COUPLE HONEYMOON
AT A SARATOGA SPRINGS HOTEL.

SLUMP IN COTTON FUTURES AT
NEW ORLEANS. MANY BROKERS
SUICIDE.

GERMANY DECLARES WAR ON FRANCE.

The peculiar use of the word suicide in the phrase 'Many brokers suicide' is worthy of passing notice. The American is fond of taking a noun and employing it as a verb; in another direction he has a habit of playing

pranks with the English language when he takes a verb which can only correctly be used actively and turns it into the passive mood.

Listen to this universal phrase of the *educated* American: 'I "was graduated" at Harvard.'

It is one of the many ways in which the original mother-tongue is gradually becoming unrecognizable to English people; it is real good American, no doubt, but we can hardly be expected to admire and copy as we are invited to do.

It is the Press which is chiefly responsible for the vagaries which the language breaks out into, for America, having no literature of its own for a model, falls back on its daily paper.

There is some editorial comment (but not much) in an American journal.

There is a 'leader' of a quarter to half a column in length, rarely more, of the tabloid pattern to which we are getting accustomed in England since the day when American capital began to make its influence felt in the journalism of this country.

It rarely deals with topics of any profound interest, but prefers to discuss the affairs of

some big 'Trust, or the defalcations of a Railroad President, or a scandal of the *élite* of New York Society, though after all perhaps these are the matters of the greatest importance to Americans, in that they focus the life of the nation.

With a few notable exceptions, the editorial article makes no attempt to instruct or mould public opinion, indeed how can it in a country where everyone is as good as everybody else and therefore as fully entitled to speak? There is no deference to authority or learning or intellect over there.

Below the 'editorial' there are generally a few crisp paragraphs of two or three lines apiece, often of a somewhat spicy nature, of which the following taken from various papers are fair samples:—

'President Taft has been forbidden by his physician to eat pie. The President, however, will continue to distribute the pie whenever there is any to be served.'

(*New York Telegraph.*)

'Exclaims a headline "Churchill leads the Navy." And here we have been travelling along never even suspecting that the *former policeman* was ever affiliated with the Baptist denomination.'

(*New York Telegraph.*)

Italics are mine.

'Speaking of real luck a Lima, O., undertaker had some the other day. A man walked right into his establishment and committed suicide.'

(New York Telegraph.)

From the Baseball Chat.

'One more game for the Quakers and then farewell, a long farewell to all this blither.'

Would the writer's words but come true!

Then comes the great bulk of the paper, compiled of news about Trusts and Corporations, big deals in the financial world, the fluctuations of markets, scandals and crimes, and above all interviews.

It is only after reading many papers in many cities that you discover how intimately the life of the nation revolves around dollars, scandals, and crimes.

The interview is an American invention; other countries may have copied and adopted it, but outside its native soil it is but a pale reflection of the original, a rushlight compared to the sun.

No one of any prominence escapes it. You may be eminent or you may be notorious, you may even be infamous, you may be a victorious general or a celebrated statesman, you may be a ballet girl whose claim to fame rests on the

daring of her movements or the magnificence of her dresses, but in every case you will have to face the American Pressman when you land in New York and 'go through it' with him.

In six hours from your landing, or less, your features will appear in the Press, your views on everything American will be given from the housetops, and you will learn what kind of clothes you wear and how they fit you, your favourite drink and how you take it, and a host of other details which you generally keep locked in your own bosom.

Your verdict of America—which you have not yet seen—must be a flattering one or you will be 'handed the lemon,' as they say; bespatter the country with praise, and you will be treated *en prince*.

The number of daily and weekly papers published is legion, for with the exception of the latest consignments of peasants from South-Eastern Europe and of labourers from Sicily who are undergoing the transformation process of becoming American citizens, every one can read and write; there are as many journals as the rest of the world possesses put together, just as there are as many miles of railway in the United States as in Europe,

Asia, Africa, South America and Canada combined, only the quality in each case is a little different. Every little city, no matter how insignificant—and every place possessing more than five thousand inhabitants can call itself a 'city'—flaunts some amazing sheet before the eyes of an astonished world, for the chief purpose, apparently, of chronicling the movements of the free and independent citizens of this particular locality.

The American citizen lives his life in the open, and Mr Brown cannot buy an additional cow, or Mr Jones plant an extra cucumber, or Mrs Tomkin's baby cut a solitary tooth, without the fact being duly recorded in that particular sheet that exists for the purpose of chronicling the doings and sayings of the Browns, Joneses and Tomkinses.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the native humorists have mostly graduated in the small local Press of America, and this fact perhaps accounts for the peculiarly mordant and funereal quality of their humour, which revels in jokes about coffins and tombstones, and insurance agents and patent medicines. The County Coroner who insisted on holding inquests on a consignment of Egyptian mummies which

had arrived within his domain is as characteristic of Western humour as the puzzled undertaker who had lost count of the number of husbands Mrs Bangs had 'planted' in the churchyard.

The City of New York possesses half a dozen or so great dailies, well printed on excellent paper and selling at 5 cents ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) each, that coin—commonly known as a 'nickel'—roughly corresponding in purchasing power to an English penny. The *Herald*, which will always be associated with the names of James Gordon Bennett and Henry M. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, is the most sedate of American journals, possessing indeed an air of urbanity that is almost old-world in its character and owes its origin, perhaps, to the association of the paper with Paris, for in that city it publishes an edition which exists mainly to chronicle the movements and record the actions of wealthy American women who are 'doing' Europe. The *Herald* tried to run a London edition some years ago, but failed for want of adequate support.

The paper on which it is printed is really excellent in quality; that is its chief and only claim to notice.

Of the other great New York papers such as *The Times*, *The Tribune*, *The World*, and *The American*, the *World* is celebrated as the mouthpiece of the late Mr Joseph Pulitzer, the daring Hungarian-American who, like Mr Roosevelt, wasted his energies in fruitlessly attacking the Trusts of America, and *The American*, owned by Mr W. B. Hearst, the millionaire, is the organ through which that modest individual gives his views to the world; we will have some of Mr Hearst in his own words, for he is too good to suffer translation :

The way to kill it !

The Boa-constrictor of the Gaynor Murphy Brood emerged from the Jungle of 14th Street to wrap its slimy folds around the body of this municipality. In its crushing embrace liberty and individuality would have been choked. The revenues would have been squeezed to gild the nest of the Serpent. The bones of the real democracy would have been broken.

Father Knickerbocker, wielding the club of Public Opinion, dealt the reptile one staggering blow that stretched it upon the halls of the Legislature. Men, careless and optimistic, thought, and some still think, the reptile dead. It is only stunned. The blow numbed, but did not kill it. Left alone its parent heath will revive it, and Gaynor-fed and Murphy-sent it will renew its efforts to strangle and crush.

Kill it with the Ballot Club. Kill the Gaynor-Murphy Charter finally by destroying Murphyism and defeating the legislators who will nurse it into life.

All this, in the heaviest of type and illustrated, refers to a little difference of opinion between Mr Hearst and Mr Gaynor, who was recently Mayor of New York City.

If any reader think my description of an American paper is an exaggeration or a caricature, I have only one word to say to him, and that is to go and study the American Press; I also challenge any unprejudiced American—if there be such a miracle—to contradict these statements or to deny their essential truth.

The American Press, scourged and ridiculed over half a century ago by Charles Dickens, like the leopard, has not changed its spots.

There are three things, and three only, in which it is superior to that of Great Britain: one is the paper on which it is printed; a second is the printing, which is clearer, better, and therefore easier to read; and thirdly, there is that wonderful Sunday edition.

In every other respect England has nothing to learn from America in journalism. There is nothing in the latter country to compare for a moment with the telegraphic reports from

special correspondents, equipped with expert knowledge, in every great city in the world which the *Times* of London gives to its readers daily, thereby bringing them in touch with everything of moment that is occurring, nor have the American papers anything equalling in this respect even the lesser London dailies or the great provincial papers, and for this reason the majority of American readers have to remain grossly ignorant of what is happening outside the crimes and scandals of their own country, and when they do condescend to notice the affairs of Europe it is only in the form of a *chronique scandaleuse*, or of tit-bits of news concerning some celebrity who is perhaps making history.

Here is an example.

When Mr Winston Churchill was created First Lord of the Admiralty, the New York Press, with unusual discernment, discovered that fact and recorded it : they gave a portrait of him in bathing costume walking across the shingle at Dieppe and underneath it the remark, 'A policeman turned sailor.'

There shone out the dignity of the American Pressman. But it was quite characteristic, for if an American journal was not personal it

would not be read, and an American is never so happy as when he is slinging personalities at anyone who possesses a title. That is the true essence of democracy as he understands it.

Any American journalist who is at all 'yellow' can always invent either an interview or a crime, and the staff of his paper will either boom the one or discover the other, for the Press, which regards itself as an annexe of the Courts of Justice and keeps a 'sleuth' attached to every journal of any importance, has little to say of matters of more vital moment, and the average untravelled American, the man in the street car, who takes his views from his daily paper, as he takes his pick-me-up from his soda-fountain, has very little else of interest to talk about.

If the average American newspaper is in character below the corresponding journal of the Old World, it is otherwise with the American magazine, in which the intellect, the literary ability, and the genius of the American race seem to find expression.

In their letterpress, their illustrations, and their general get-up, such magazines as *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, and *The Century* are

on a higher level than anything of the same nature in England, whilst the quality of their articles is at least as good; and those that cater more exclusively in short stories, such as *Munsey's* and *Cassier's*, are as much appreciated in England as the home-grown magazine—a fact made evident by their great sale over here.

Nor should a word of praise be withheld from the Sunday editions of the New York and Chicago dailies, which with their illustrations, their serials, their literary pages, and their truly wonderful mass of news—all for five cents ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.)—have no equal in Europe.



RAILWAYS AND SPORT

IX

RAILWAYS AND SPORT

THE native American is so intensely and even aggressively proud of everything over which floats the 'Stars and Stripes,' even of his failures, that he can only be compared to a foolish mother, who can see no blemish in her offspring.

The spirit of nationalism, which in other races has been nurtured and fostered in adversity and disaster, has in his case grown and flourished on unbroken success and prosperity until it has become an absolute disease, and the cult of Americanism a species of fetish-worship.

There is something in the very atmosphere of the American continent which makes for this air of expansiveness which in a year's time will convert the English peasant or the Bohemian glass-worker or the Italian pea-nut vendor into a go-ahead being, endowed with a sublime contempt for everything in the world

he has left behind. The ingratitude of the six-months'-old American citizen for the land that gave birth to him and nurtured him passes belief.

America is God's own country and he is an American citizen : that settles everything.

But he has special corners in his heart for some things that flourish on that sacred soil.

One is his women, who are the most beautiful, the most bewitching, and the most expensive luxuries that ever gladdened the heart of man. For that sentiment all honour to him, and for it I, a brutal Saxon, take off my hat to him.

But there is so little discrimination about his admiration for the fair sex of America that a jarring note must again be sounded. It is not alone the beauty and dash of the American girl that have enabled her to take Europe by storm and to ride like a whirlwind across the stricken nobilities of the Old World; there may have been other causes at work, the dollars for which 'poppa' is bartering his life and health at home, for example.

Again, that chivalry of the American man that is shouted from the housetops until one is almost tempted to regard the Americans as

a nation of moral miracles, may also have other elements than sheer asceticism in it. The boast so frequently made that a woman can travel alone from one end of the Union to the other in perfect safety and free from molestation, may be due chiefly to the fact that in the Pullman cars, universal on American railways, no woman can possibly travel in a compartment alone. She cannot be boxed up with a stranger for an hour at a stretch, as in Europe.

There is not much difference in human nature in that respect the world over.

Another especially tender spot in his heart is his passion for big hotels.

That the hotels of American cities are big admits of no dispute whatever, and England is being infected by its example in this respect, but it is still a long way behind America.

Even quite small cities generally possess one or two hotels that would not be regarded as out of place in a pretty large European town. They are also undoubtedly luxurious, perhaps in rather a garish sort of way, with immense entrance halls, an army of servants (generally coloured), an insufferable being known as a hotel clerk who condescendingly permits you to stay

on the premises, and most of the modern devices to enable mankind to be lazy on his travels that spring from America.

But there is but little sense of comfort and still less of home in them, and the national custom of sitting in a rocking chair in public, in front of a large plate glass window reaching to the floor, for all the street to see and admire you, is not one that appeals to the insular-minded Briton, nor does the custom of compelling men and women to enter through separate doors and separate lobbies attract him, though no doubt it has its own uses and advantages. Comfort is still a British institution, and the American cannot successfully copy it.

But much though the American admires his monster hotels, there is something of which he is even prouder still, and those are his railways or, as he prefers to call them, railroads.

It is not too much to say that the iron road has made America, as in fact it has made any new country.

The American started building his railways about the same time that we in England started building our own—which began first is a disputed point; we *think* we did, but he is absolutely positive he did, so we will let it stand

at that, and the point is of no great importance; and he has gone on with such energy and industry that he has covered the whole country with a network of them, pierced the Rockies, which long barred the way to the Pacific Slope, in several places, and carried them into Mexico and Central America, and one day will link up the United States with the various Republics of South America; in fact, there is now as great a mileage of lines opened and working in America as in the whole of Europe put together, and a mere description of them fills a big book.

America has 200,000 miles, we have barely 25,000; the American has gone in for quantity, the Englishman for quality.

Of this vast array of railways only a very small proportion has been planned and built on the solid and lasting lines on which we insist in England; probably the main track of the Pennsylvania railroad, the London and North-Western of America, is the nearest approach to the order and style of England.

For the most part they consist of single tracks, badly ballasted and loosely laid, absolutely unenclosed and unfenced, running straight for their destination across the open

prairie or along the main street of a town, the metals not properly 'chaired' to the sleepers, but often fastened down by flanges driven into the wood, the 'bed' a negligible quantity, and the whole construction of the line so primitive and ramshackle that the sight of it would almost make an English railway engineer turn in his grave.

The curves are terrific; there are few tunnels and fewer cuttings; the bridges, often of wood, are not constructed to bear the live weight of an express, hence trains have to crawl over them, or, as is not infrequently the case, descend into the river below.

Except in the East and near the great cities there is nothing that we should dare to call a railway if it were in England; we should rather think it was a temporary track laid down as a 'siding' to some factory.

It is no wonder there are so many accidents.

There is nothing in which the national characteristics of Britain and America have travelled further apart than in their railways.

Let us look for a moment at an American train.

The engines are big, far bigger than those generally seen in England; they are also

clumsier and dirtier, and utterly lack the nice finish and ordered neatness of our own. They are not engines, but 'locomotives,' and the driver is an 'engineer.' Americans must be different to ourselves.

They are all alike—standardised—and you can only tell what line they belong to by the letters on the 'cab.' The Baldwin Loco. Co. of Philadelphia, by the way, turns out one completed engine a day. In front of the engine is the 'cowcatcher,' the absence of which so surprises Americans on their first visit to Europe, until they are told that railway engines don't wander at large over green fields and through city streets as they do in America. Behind the 'smoke-stack'—*anglicé* funnel—is a monstrous bell to warn children and citizens to get out of the way. This bell clanged with energy in the dead of night does not soothe one's slumbers.

The cars are all of one pattern throughout America—the Pullman—and practically of one class. In the South there are cars reserved for 'coloured folk' only, known as 'Jim Crow' cars. A central aisle runs along each car, and on each side of it are seats for two. This arrangement is much less comfortable for

sleeping on than our own four or five a-side coaches in England. You can have a bed, of course, but that is \$2 or \$3 extra a night, and is only for the well-to-do.

Each car is heated, or rather over-heated, by gas, which invariably sets fire to the car if there is a smash, and there is a door at each end through which blows a splendid draught; this door is also the spot occupied by the train-robber when he covers the assembled company with a gun and utters a stern command of 'Hands up,' a command that it is always wise to obey, because if he misses you he is sure to kill your neighbour or some one else. The construction of the car is such that he can't help hitting some one.

No car is complete without its iced water can, its book traveller, and its uniformed and insolent conductor—the latter often a negro.

The extent to which a presumably sane and courageous race like the Americans allows itself to be insulted and browbeaten by its officials is a remarkable example of the moral, or perhaps one should say immoral, effect of a uniform in a democratic country; even the military hierarchy of Prussia comes second in sheer rudeness to the officialdom of America.

There are no platforms in America; you walk up the steps of the car instead, the station is a *depôt* and bears no resemblance to the busy, cheerful, bustling place we know in Britain, almost all the offshoots of a station in the way of refreshment bars, bookstalls, waiting rooms, &c., being wanting, and in small places even the *depôt* itself scarcely exists, for you can always buy your ticket outside, and your baggage goes on by itself.

It is a fact worth mentioning as showing the comparative scarcity of trains in America despite the vast mileage, that England with only an eighth of its track mileage has a *train* mileage eight times as great as that of America.

The infrequency of American trains is remarkable to a European. Whereas the time tables of a British railway company are quite a bulky volume, those of American railroads, even of some considerable size, are merely an oblong sheet of paper folded lengthways several times.

There is absolutely nothing to compare to our own splendid service of frequent, regular, rapid and punctual expresses between the great towns, such as between Manchester and Liverpool or London and Birmingham.

In America if you get three or four trains a day between great cities you are fortunate, and in the West it drops to one every 24 hours.

The three chief desiderata of a railway system are safety, speed and punctuality, and in none of these does America compare for a moment with Great Britain.

In regard to the first of these the less said the better; by accidents, in the number of passengers and employés killed and injured,* America is unquestionably pre-eminent, and the following extract from the *New York Tribune* illustrates this point so well that I have ventured to quote it in full :—

KEEP OFF THE TRACK.

If fourteen persons were killed in a single railroad accident some day, the news would be published all over the country. The papers in the nearest large city would print columns about it, while even those at the other side of the continent would give it a paragraph or two. If a similarly deadly accident should occur the next day, and the next, the diurnal recurrence of such slaughter would be taken up as a leading topic of national concern. It would not unjustly be regarded as a national reproach, and there would be widespread demands for stringent legislation or other official action which would make an end of it.

* See Appendix.

Yesterday, however, about fourteen persons were needlessly killed on the railroads of the country; to-day a similar number will be sacrificed; and the same thing will happen to-morrow and every day of the year. Yet nothing will be said about this habit of wholesale and incessant slaughter, save here and there a random and obscure line or two in the press. So great a difference does it make whether the fourteen persons are killed together in a train disaster or are killed separately in so many solitary tragedies caused directly, no doubt, by their own carelessness, but fundamentally due to a certain happy-go-lucky recklessness and defiance of law and prudence which have become a widely prevalent trait of the American public.

These victims, who average fourteen a day the year around, are not passengers, nor employees, nor travellers on intersecting highways, *but trespassers, who are walking along railroad tracks or stealing rides on trains or in some other way misusing railroad property.* They are trespassers, outside the protection of the law through their own transgression, and therefore little heed is given to their fate.

Yet in a humane and enlightened country, where attempts at suicide are severely punished and where precautions for the safety of those who do not care for themselves are prescribed by law, it does seem as though something might be done to check and materially to diminish this daily slaughter. There are warnings against trespassing, but they are scorned. There are laws against it, but they are not enforced. The notion prevails that a railroad is a public highway for pedestrians as well as for trains; or else that it is a clever and commendable thing to defy its rules and to trespass

on its lines. *If it is not possible to correct this error through an appeal to common sense, it might be possible to do so through stringent legislation rigorously enforced.* Suppose, for example, that every person found trespassing on a railroad were regarded and treated as though potentially attempting suicide?

In Britain railway travelling is so safe that one stands more chance of getting killed by strolling along Piccadilly than in travelling in the Scotch express at 60 miles an hour; the deaths average about a dozen a year out of about 800 million miles run, so that one would have to travel a good many million miles before one had overrun his chance of a disaster; in America there is a perfect holocaust of killed and injured every year, indeed there are as many casualties as in a decent-sized war.

Even an American can hardly make out much of a case for his railroads on the score of safety.

It is with regard to speed that he and I are more likely to differ.

A careful study of the fastest runs recorded in England, America and France—yes, old-world France—has convinced me that there is little, if anything, to choose between the

fastest individual runs *on carefully selected pieces of road* in the three countries.

For some time it is unquestionable that the fastest long-distance run in the world was from Paris (Nord) to Calais, 180 miles in three hours without a stop; it is also true that for a short run the trip from Philadelphia (Camden) to Atlantic City—60 miles—wants some beating, though in England many runs on the Great Northern, London and North-Western, and Great Western Railways are well over 60 miles an hour, and the 400 miles from London to Edinburgh in eight hours, or the 110 mile run from London to Birmingham in two hours by 20 trains a day will compare with anything the world can show.

Or there is the splendid service of expresses between Liverpool and Manchester (36 miles in 40 minutes) with more than a train an hour each way, or the London to Bristol run of 118 miles—non-stop—in two hours, or the 226 mile run without a stop from London to Plymouth in 4 hours 7 minutes, or the 100 miles from London to Leicester in 105 minutes, and many others too numerous to mention.

Let us now glance at one or two of the best trains of America, where it is an article of faith that speeds are higher than in England.

What is advertised as 'America's best railroad train' is the 'Pennsylvania special,' a train that once a day performs the journey between New York and Chicago in 18 hours, a splendid piece of work without a doubt, but not a record for speed, which works out at about 50 miles an hour from start to finish.

Yet even this fine performance is exaggerated in the paragraphs issued relating to it, in which the distance between these two cities is stated to be 'in round numbers 1000 miles,' whereas as a matter of fact it is 908, an excellent example of American looseness in dealing with figures.

For the privilege of travelling by this train the Pennsylvania Railroad Company charge ten dollars extra above the ordinary fare, and the New York Central which runs a similar train called the '20th century limited,' also in 18 hours, makes the same addition to the fare.

These trains are constructed of steel and consist of sleeping cars with private compartments, a smoking car, a dining car, and a library and observation car, and possess a bathroom, a barber, a ladies' maid and a stenographer—truly a train de luxe.

Should the traveller wish to continue his

journey and cross the Rockies to California, 'The Golden State Limited' will take him to Los Angeles in Southern California in 66 hours (from Chicago), which works out an average speed of 36 miles an hour.

This is one of the finest and fastest—if not the fastest—Transcontinental trains and gives one a good idea what such trains can accomplish.

Between the other great cities of America, those that are two or three hundred miles apart for instance, the speed of the fastest trains is generally over 40 but under 50 miles an hour, and you don't get many each day to choose from.

But I am not concerned about a few individual well-advertised runs which may or may not—probably the latter—maintain in daily practice the high rate of speed obtained when the President of the road and a few of the directors are seated in the observation car.

What I am interested in is the speed and punctuality with which I can travel about the country between the great cities and medium-sized towns, not on little branch lines where the world over the journey is apt to be a little tedious, and in this respect I say unhesitat-

ingly that the speed is greater and the services more frequent in England than in America.

Really it stands to reason that it should be so, considering the different equipment of the railway systems of the two countries, for neither the track, nor the bridges, nor the roadbed, except in a few selected cases, are suitable for a continuous high rate of speed in America.

There is practically only one class of carriage in America, but the fares are higher than those of the class to which it corresponds in Britain—the third—unless one is so lucky as to travel at a period when a ‘rate war’ is going on, when you can be carried right across the continent for a trifling sum; unfortunately one cannot rely on a ‘rate war,’ which means that one railroad ‘king’ is trying to control a vast network of roads or to smash a rival railroad magnate.

There is no individuality about an American railroad, none of that atmosphere that distinguishes one British line from another to such a degree that a driver returning to his own particular territory feels that he is at home again.

I do not know how many scores of thousands

of railway engines there may be in America, but I do know that there is no method of knowing which company's line you are travelling along, unless you study the letters on the 'cab' (tender) which tell you whether it is the B. & O. (Baltimore and Ohio) or the N.Y.C. (New York Central), or some geographical designation. Neither are the Pullman cars in any way distinctive for they all come from the same place, nor the 'box cars,' nor the refrigerator cars, nor the officials, nor the stations, nor the signals, nor any of the paraphernalia of the line. All are built with a soulless regularity.

You must not expect a crowd of expectant porters awaiting you at your destination, nor polite officials to answer your inquiries about trains. Your luggage goes on in advance in America and awaits you at the end of the journey, provided your trunks are strong enough to resist the efforts of the American baggage smasher, and as to politeness and the possibility of obtaining any information you may desire, you must always imagine you are on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway on a Bank Holiday.

As 'tips' are generally unknown you must

not expect civility when travelling; that is an unhappy corollary of democracy, nor is there as great a degree of comfort for the same price as in Britain.

If you are a millionaire you can by paying for it have greater luxury in trains in America than anywhere else; dining cars, sleeping cars, observation cars, drawing room cars, library cars, and every other variety of car is at your disposal. You can have a stenographer and a typist, a hairdresser and a shoeshine artist to attend to your wants, but if you are only one of the great public and can't afford these things you have fewer trains, more accidents, less punctuality, slower speed, and less comfort than you would get for the same price in England, where, according to the popular American idea in railways 'they have us beat.'

Try both and see for yourself.

SPORT

HALF a century ago an American yacht sailed over to England, came to Cowes, outdistanced all other yachts of her own class, captured what is now known as the 'America Cup,' carried it back in triumph to the United

States where it has ever since remained, and where, unless the conditions under which the challengers have to compete are altered, it is for ever likely to remain.

That race may be said to mark the commencement of the era of International Sport, a series of athletic contests, which, through jealousy, misunderstandings and mutual bickerings has probably done more harm to the cause of international friendship and goodwill than all the efforts of diplomatists have been able to repair.

Different conditions, different customs, different ideas prevailing as to what is 'sport' have almost invariably led to a feeling of soreness and bitterness on one side or the other.

Sport has become a serious business instead of a friendly contest in which the principle was let the best man win no matter who he may be. Chivalry has departed from international Sport, and the Olympic Games have become a stern affair of business contested on the 'win, tie, or wrangle' spirit, instead of a friendly struggle between the best athletes of the nations.

Take the case of the 'America Cup.' America has decided that it shall stay in its

present resting place, and the conditions under which it is contested make that eventuality highly probable.

The challenging yacht has to cross the turbulent waters of the Atlantic under her own sail, but the defender can be built on purely racing lines, and sailed to the smoother waters on which the actual race takes place. It is little wonder that the 'Cup' has not changed hands, in spite of the repeated attempts of Lord Dunraven and Sir T. Lipton to regain it, attempts which have led to a great deal of unpleasantness and ill-feeling, and in the case of Lord Dunraven led to his abandonment of the race.

Americans make for too serious a matter of what, after all, is a mere game. The preparation, the training, the study, which are devoted to sport in America practically render it impossible for any but professionals to compete, and it may be laid down as a broad rule that American 'sportsmen' are professionals.

If they do not actually earn their living by sport directly some post is always found for any young fellow who has shown unusual skill in any direction, and even the students of Yale, Harvard, Cornell and Princetown, the

great Universities of America, are not free from this reproach.

Amateur sport hardly exists, and it is a truism that directly a game or a sport loses its amateur element it is dead as a sport; it has become a business, a matter of £ s. d.

In short it is questionable if the American really understands the meaning of the word sport at all.

The national summer game of England is scarcely played at all in America; the only place where it flourishes to any considerable extent being in or around the City of Philadelphia and at San Francisco on the Pacific Slope, and the quality of the cricket played in the latter place may be inferred from the fact that it is the crews of British sailing ships who play against the leading clubs.

Cricket in Philadelphia is a more serious matter.

The leading club, the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, has frequently visited England, and though they have never been strong enough, and never seem likely to be strong enough, to meet the whole strength of this country, they have always been quite up to the level of a good first-class county, and they play the game in a spirit worthy of its best traditions.

The element of true sport which exists, and has always existed in cricket, has never been eaten up by the business element of professionalism, which is a great deal more than can be said for the national summer game of America.

The reasons why cricket does not flourish in America are not far to seek. In the first place the country possesses no grass worthy of the name, no commons, no village greens, no level meads of green turf; what the American calls 'grass' is a coarse stringy yellowish covering of the earth, which after the long winter of the Northern States, springs up quickly to maturity and is rapidly baked and parched by the fierce sun of an American summer. The aspect of the fields offers little temptation to don flannels and rush for bats and balls.

The art of gardening is scarcely understood or practised in America, and how to make a cricket pitch is an unknown mystery. The playing fields which abound in the vicinity of our great cities, the innumerable green fields which are thickly scattered over the surface of England, and the carefully tended enclosures of private clubs have no counterpart in America, nor is the climate favourable to

the production of that green velvety turf without which cricket must always almost seem an exotic game.

A misty climate and many centuries of rolling and cutting have covered England with myriads of lawns, which are at once the envy and despair of Americans, and which they would like to transfer bodily to the New World.

But there are other reasons for the absence of cricket. It does not suit the American spirit, and the art of batting can only be acquired slowly and painfully with an apprenticeship which must begin in childhood. It is a game demanding a degree of patience and self-restraint which the American rarely possesses; a match cannot be played in an hour or two as is the case with baseball, and there are no Saturday afternoons or half holidays in America, and no class with sufficient leisure and means to indulge in three-day matches.

An American wants a sport which is brief, snappy, and exciting, and one which demands little knowledge to follow thoroughly. The niceties and intricacies of cricket are completely lost on him, and in baseball he possesses a game whose points can be followed

and appreciated by the meanest intelligence after seeing one or two exhibitions of it.

Another reason is the fact that young America has neither the time nor the inclination to play games itself; it pays others to do it for it, and baseball is not a game, but a spectacle, just as League Football is fast becoming a spectacle in England, and finally the discipline of cricket which compels you to stand for hours fielding under a blazing sun, and ever on the alert for catches that perhaps never come your way, and then to be dismissed ingloriously for a 'duck' by the first straight ball you receive would be an intolerable trial for the impatient spirit of the American, who regards the game, which he never quite understands, as suitable for Philadelphians, whom he considers in his heart of hearts as being a little slow compared to the rest of his countrymen.

Nevertheless it is a great pity that he does not play the game, for I am convinced that his fertile inventive capacity would discover before long some new element in the game, a ball that 'breaks' two different ways in one flight, or a new batting stroke which would revolutionise the game.

The American could do so much to the game if he could only be induced to take it up; he would put a little 'snap' and 'hustle' into it in any case.

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Baseball, the national summer game of the Americans, is a species of glorified rounders played by two sides of professionals before an audience which exceeds in size and rowdiness the best efforts we can produce in professional football over here.

The ball, a hard one, is hurled by a player known as the 'pitcher,' and who corresponds to the bowler, from a distance of 25 yards at the batsman, who wields a long stout club with which he endeavours to hit the ball as far as he can. The ball must be thrown between the level of the shoulders and knees. Behind the batsman stands the 'catcher' corresponding in a sense to our own wicket-keeper.

There are four bases or homes and the main object of the batsman is to hit the ball as hard as he can and run right round home. Any player can be put out if he is caught between two bases with the ball in the hands of an opponent.

If this is not 'rounders' then words have no meaning.

The 'pitcher' is the most important man on a side, and he can make the ball swerve in the air: pitchers earn rather more than Cabinet Ministers for a season's 'work,' and are national heroes. American cities go mad over League 'ball games,' and flock to see them in tens of thousands; there is even a hired 'claque' to put players off their strokes.

Of the two codes of football—Rugby and Association—the latter has never taken any root in America whatever, but the Rugby game has been widely taken up especially by the great schools and universities and 'Americanised,' that is to say that excellent English game has been converted into a series of mauls and fights, in which to kick the ball or to run with it are both equally impossible, in which, accidents are so frequent that two teams of substitutes have to be kept in readiness for each game, and ambulances and doctors held close at hand on the field for the relief of the injured, and in which the fullest play can be given to the indulgence of private personal feeling.

This, the chief winter game of young America, has been the cause of so many deaths, and so much permanent incapacity amongst those who play it, that of late years a strong feeling of hostility towards it has grown up amongst all classes, and it has been bitterly denounced in the press, from the pulpit, and by the presidents of many colleges and universities, and to crown all Mr Roosevelt, when President, was so incensed at the havoc it was creating that at his suggestion several teams of English amateurs toured in America, playing exhibition games in the great cities to instruct the youth of America into the art of Association Football, and this game was held by many leading Americans to be one that should be a model to be adopted by their own countrymen.

Many contests in athletics have taken place between teams representing English and American Universities, and a series to occur at definite intervals, one time in America, the next in England, has been arranged and carried out between Oxford and Cambridge on one hand, and Yale and Harvard on the other, the events to be contested being those that are commonly seen at athletic meetings.

The prowess of the two nations has been accurately exemplified in the issue of these contests; the long and high jumps, the hurdles, and the hundred yards sprint have generally fallen to America, the long distance events to England, and this represents fairly accurately their respective athletic capacity; for a short, sharp burst of speed the American is pre-eminent, and his length of limb and alertness stand him in good stead, but he has no staying power or endurance; the mile, half-mile and the five miles always go to an Englishman, and in such contests of endurance as long distance walking and tugs of war the American is generally nowhere; his effort is intense for the moment, but it does not last.

In this connection one cannot help remarking that whilst one is always perfectly sure of the amateur status of an English undergraduate, the same assurance cannot always be given of an American collegian.

The true meaning of the word amateur is not yet properly understood in America, or we should not have teams of American officers competing at the Horse Show at Olympia on horses which are not their usual mounts in the daily exercise of their profession.

The determination to win *at all costs* is not in the spirit of amateur sport as we understand that expression.

There have been Boxing Contests between England and America ever since the day when Tom Sayers, the Brighton lad, fought Heenan, the 'Benisia Boy,' with a broken arm to an inconclusive finish.

For many years the heavy-weight championship of the world remained in England, the birthplace and home of boxing until the advent of John L. Sullivan, the Long-Arm Boston giant, carried it across the Atlantic Ocean, since which day it has been held by Americans, by Australians, and now by one of the coloured race.

Perhaps it would have been a good thing for America, if that championship had never left the shores of Old England, for its possession by a negro has aroused in America an intensity of race hatred which bodes ill for the future of the Republic, but the consideration of that question belongs properly to another chapter.

The American is not a 'sportsman'; indeed he scarcely knows the meaning of that greatly abused word, for to turn what should be a

pastime into a business, and to have the desire to win at all costs, and to let chivalry, good-fellowship and everything else that the word means to Englishmen go by the board is not sport.

That is bedrock bottom-dollar business.

THE FAILURES OF AMERICA

X

THE FAILURES OF AMERICA

TO the American mind there are, of course, no failures. America is the one perfect country; its fortunate and miraculously-endowed inhabitants, the one perfect people the world has ever known; even to hint that there may be defects in either the country or the race is an offence little short of sacrilege itself—something of the same nature as referring disrespectfully to the equator—an offence that is generally sternly punished by Americans in the most drastic way possible—that is through one's pocket.

It is a good thing to have a good conceit of oneself, but it is well to recognise that there are spots even on the brightness of the sun; otherwise that supreme confidence may lead to utter disillusionment, for when an American does for once in a way break through the mirage of unreality with which he has surrounded everything American, when for once

he sees his country clearly as a European sees it, he generally ends by regarding it as one vast prison whose hideous monotony makes him shudder, and he longs to shake the dust of it off his feet for ever, and not a few have even done so.

Half a century ago, when Americanism was more blatant even than it is to-day, there were those who despairing of any future for their country except in sordid material success, proposed to abandon its citizenship, and one can now see the reason for the extraordinary prolonged excursions to the Old World—in some cases visits lasting half a life-time—of many really distinguished Americans, to whom the incessant talk of dollars, advertisement, and bluff, the mainstay of American conversation, must always be a species of mental torture.

Good Americans when they die go to Paris, but not a few prefer to live quite a little portion of their lives there, before they depart from this planet. It is not every American who is enamoured of America.

If an impartial observer were to be asked to place his finger on England's greatest failure he would probably point to the case of Ireland,

in the case of France to the instability of her government, in Germany to her treatment of the Poles, in Russia to her anti-Semitic policy, and so on, but where would he dare to point to as the failure of America?

The wealthiest country in the world, and probably the most powerful, were its strength properly organised and put forth, with a rapidly growing population, the great bulk of whom live under conditions where the *material* environment is superior to anything in a corresponding station of life in the Old World, with an internal commerce so vast that figures convey hardly any conception of its magnitude, with millionaires almost as common as cowboys and colonels, how can anyone mention the word failure in connection with such an enterprising nation?

Surely America is only another word for success. Nevertheless a humble scribe is about to suggest that American civilization, even American life itself, apart from one aspect, is in itself a failure; that not only has it fallen ludicrously short of its unique and magnificent possibilities, the greatest ever offered to any race, but that it has actually fallen below the level of European countries handicapped with

all the heritage of misgovernment and tyranny of many past centuries.

America is a young and a new country; she started her life as a nation with a clean slate and with the fairest of prospects, beset with none of those perplexing problems that vex the souls of European statesmen, hampered by no vested interests and no relics of feudalism, possessing no privileged aristocracy on the one hand, nor a race of serfs plunged in the densest ignorance and degradation on the other, with no religious questions to set people by the ears and make them thirst for each other's blood, with no monarch and no military or naval class to maintain, and no foreign relations to distract her attention; she was the possessor of a continent whose very size made it invulnerable, with a climate that called men to work and a soil that responded joyfully to the least touch of the husbandman, containing within its own ample fold almost every product of the forest, the mine, and the sea; here indeed was a country wherein might be realized the Utopian dreams of the poet, and where the wisdom of the sage might be fulfilled.

Here indeed was Arcadia. There were no

heirlooms of the past to be uprooted, and there was all the experience of the ages to guide her; yet like a naughty child who wilfully refuses to take the advice of its elders, America chose her own course, and obstinately disregarded the wisdom of other races.

Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait. What has been the result? When one looks at the America of to-day, even though the view be but a superficial one, with its insane worship of money and vulgar ostentation, its mismanagement and incapacity in high places, its hurry to get rich quickly at all costs, its bribery and corruption, its low standard of ideals and morals, its trusts and corporations which strangle its commercial life like the limbs of an octopus, its tainted justice, its scandal-loving press, its scamped and jerry-built cities; its packed State Legislatures, its many social problems which it seems quite incapable of solving; when one looks at all this, and sees how far she has fallen short of the fair promise of less than a century and a half ago, and when one sees how little hope there is for the future, then indeed one may be inclined to agree with Bernard Shaw in his contention that America being incapable of managing her own affairs

should be placed in *statu pupillari* once more, and handed over to an international commission of Europeans.

It may not be amiss to enquire a little into the reasons for this lamentable falling short of the fair promise held out to mankind at the start.

The founders of the American Republic, the pioneers of the infant State, were men of great daring and enterprise, but possessed of but little knowledge of the world's history, and of still less actual experience of affairs to guide them: they were not statesmen, but doctrinaires, and the Declaration of Independence shews that fact in every single line. They declared 'all men were free and equal,' yet they maintained slavery in their midst. The Puritan element in them was strong, and Puritanism seems inseparable from hypocrisy. Neither was there then, nor is there now any class of men in America trained to rule and govern, of sufficient leisure to permit them to devote their whole energies to public life, and of sufficient means to place them beyond the reach of the temptation to feather their own nests.

That class with whom England has always

been so highly endowed has always been conspicuous by its absence in America, and its place has been filled by the paid professional politician and the lawyer—a most unhappy combination to rule a great nation.

The dawn of the American Republic heralded the coming of the Revolution in France. The doctrinaire philosophy of Voltaire and Rousseau held sway in the minds of many, and Americans were infected by the prevailing mode of thought : liberty, equality, and fraternity were in the very air, and the long struggle for independence had not only created an aversion and distrust of England, but had cemented the ties between America and France.

The experience and advice of the Mother Country was, perhaps not unnaturally, spurned, and Americans considered they had nothing to learn from England. They thought that with the drawing up of a written constitution, which they fondly imagined to be the acme of state-craft, and which was to settle all things socially and politically for ever, and be a model to every other nation, that their work was ended, and that mankind had only to flock into the new Paradise, and

work out their own salvation. They did flock in and we see the result to-day. It took fifty years and a bloody civil war to settle the relations of the self-governing States to the entire Republic alone, and that rigid cast-iron written constitution which contained so much cheap philosophy, and was couched more in the language of a puff advertisement than of a state document, any single clause of which can only be altered or amended by the combined efforts of the Judicature and Congress, has been one of the greatest stumbling blocks to progress that the country has been burdened with. America is just beginning to see that her constitution needs a little repair.

It was supposed to settle everything, yet other countries were only slowly and painfully beginning to evolve their own social and political destinies; America, having this fetish to worship, stood still and folded her hands, leaving everything to the individual.

To give but two examples of the cumbrous machinery of the Constitution; a prisoner sentenced to death, if he possesses sufficient funds and friends, can delay the execution of the sentence for nearly two years, and the civil service of the country, the permanent officials

who really rule the State, hold their positions at the mercy of each succeeding administration; the appointment of an obscure postmaster in some out-of-the-way swamp in Arkansas is actually a personal duty of the chief citizen in the country. The American Civil Service needs recasting on European lines.

One of the greatest failures of America is her utter inability to deal in any way with a problem which is entirely one of her own creation.

During the 17th and 18th centuries the slave trade was at its zenith and from the mangrove swamps and tropical forests of Western Africa shipload after shipload of 'Black Ivory' was carried across the ocean to the Southern States—Virginia, The Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana.

The black race multiplied exceedingly in the Western World, and were continually reinforced by fresh detachments; they developed a taste for Methodism and fowl stealing and, as the property of their masters, the Southern planters, they lived in slavery under the broad banner of the 'Stars and Stripes,' in a land which in the very first breath it ever drew had declared all men to be free and equal.

Slavery flourished as an institution; it was

exceedingly prosperous, it spread over the whole of the South and even threatened for one moment to impregnate the West. The cotton plant and the sugar cane grew at its hands, the planters lived the lives of the patriarchs of the Old Testament. There were endless graduations of colour between the pure black and the pure white, for the slave-owners did not always pursue monastic lives, and above all it was defended from the very scriptures themselves.

A thousand pulpits blessed the institution of slavery and called it Holy.

The public conscience of Britain, which cared little for the free and equal theory, decreed the abolition of slaves under her dominions as far back as the year 1820, and that country ransomed the slaves who dwelt in the remote islands of the West Indies (not in England) at a cost of £20,000,000 sterling to its people, but more than a generation had passed after this before the people of free and enlightened America followed their lead, and then, when by a stroke of the pen Abraham Lincoln did put an end to slavery, it was the result of a war that was waged on the part of the South to uphold that institution and on

the part of the North not so much to suppress slavery as to decide once and for all whether the American Republic should be one State or two.

The Abolitionist party was only a section of the North and that a comparatively small one, but the whole of the North arose and took up arms in defence of the indivisibility of the United States. Even until the present day the Southerner has secretly lamented the disappearance of the slave, whose liberation he regarded as a great error.

The coloured race in America has multiplied exceedingly, far more rapidly indeed than the white, and it has spread all over the Union, even into the extreme North and West, until its very existence has become a serious menace to the American people. It forms one tenth of the whole population.

And what has America, either individually or nationally, accomplished or attempted in the way of a solution of that problem, which now scourges her as a punishment for the sins committed by her in the days of slavery?

The answer is, absolutely nothing.

She treats the coloured race alternately as children or wild beasts; she will not permit

them either to worship in her own churches or to travel in white men's railway cars; she denies them all but the barest elements of education; she refuses to sit down to the same table with them and she punishes them for certain offences with a savagery and a ferocity worthy of the Inquisition in its worst days. She gives them a vote with one hand and takes it away with the other.

Put in plain language America has but one solution of the problem of what to do with the negroes, and that solution, in itself a confession of failure and inevitably but a temporary expedient, is terrorism and lynch-law, but if America had ever possessed a governing and administrative order worthy of its name, the problem would never have reached its present dimensions and acuteness.

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America has failed in another direction in that she has created a *lower* instead of a *higher* standard of commercial honour and integrity than that possessed by the countries of the Old World. This may be an *ex-parte* statement, but will any impartial observer deny its truth?

How often do we hear an unconscious admission of this fact.

Whenever in a company of men of other races the American character is discussed we always hear this remark uttered, with that air of finality that closes all discussion; 'Ah ! but the Americans are 'cute !' It is the sharp practitioner's tribute to a greater expert than himself in the art of over-reaching, for what is 'cuteness in the English sense of that word but another name for practices which are scarcely the soul of honour, practices in which Americans are universally admitted to excel, practices which men of the baser sort in England so ungrudgingly admire ?

Starting with a clean slate and with the loftiest declarations of morality, America has nevertheless allowed to grow up in her midst a system of Trusts, Rings, Corners, and Corporations, which strangle the trade of America in their coils, lower the standard of commerce amongst the race, place the necessities of life in the hands of a few unscrupulous millionaires, defy the laws, bribe the Legislature, and exert a poisonous influence on the whole life of the nation.

It is like an octopus crushing the limbs of the Republic and squirting a foul fluid over the face of the country.

So far-reaching is their influence, so numerous their ramifications, so widespread their corruption, that scarcely an individual escapes their net.

Scotched one day, they arise again in a new form the next; the Oil Trust, the Steel Trust, and the Meat Trust are in many instances (*see appendix*) more powerful than the law itself, and are in a position to defy the efforts made to control them by the Supreme Court of the Legislature and the National Congress at Washington.

Even Mr Roosevelt, the strongest man in America of the past decade, failed in his encounter with the trusts.

The great railroad corporations—who are also great landowners—are practically the rulers of many of the less important of the States, and are able to control the actions of the State Legislatures.

The City of New York for as long a period as most people care to remember has been under the heels of a corrupt organisation known as Tammany Hall, a ring which has controlled the entire public service of the city from the mayor downwards, and levied toll on rich and poor alike, and although from time

to time efforts have been made to shake off its grip—efforts which have occasionally succeeded—it has always returned to power in the end with increased strength after one of these temporary lapses of the city into honest government. So deeply has the canker of corruption eaten into the life of the race that these things have come to be regarded with an air of cynical indifference, nay even to be found amusing and entertaining.

Some Americans actually prefer this state of government; a set of rogues they contend can always be dismissed if they dip their hands too flagrantly into the public purse, but honest men who enter the public service with no thought of personal gain, but only for the welfare of their fellow citizens, are very commonly well-meaning but unpractical enthusiasts and faddists, and these are not so easy to dislodge; their experiments and mistakes, it is contended, are more costly than the depredations of capable rogues.

Many men have attempted to cleanse the Augean stables of New York political life, but none have succeeded, and there is still a fine career open in the public services of that

city to those to whom the still small voice of conscience does not appeal too strongly.

The government of other great cities in America does not differ to any great degree from that of New York, and their administrations do not suffer from any great excess of purity; indeed the American, always a strong individualist, seems incapable of any sense of civic virtue.

Where are the great men of America? With its 90,000,000 people, its universal free education, its vast array of colleges and universities, one would think that here and there a giant would arise in the land—one who in grandeur of intellect would rank with any that the Old World had ever produced.

‘Some divinely gifted man,
Who makes by force his merit known,
To mould a mighty state’s decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.’

Where are there any such men? Echo may well answer ‘Where?’ Even the standard of greatness in America is deplorably low, and the names most commonly heard on the lips of Americans to-day are not those of great statesmen or gifted scholars, or men of far-

seeing intellect, or lofty thinkers, or men of genius in art and literature; they are the names of men who, like Rockefeller the oil 'king,' Carnegie the steel 'king,' and a host of railroad and financial magnates, whose names, instead of being honoured, would be execrated in any really high order of civilization.

In that supreme order of intellect which we designate by the name of genius, what has America ever produced? In statesmanship two names and two only stand forth as those of men whom the world at large will universally acknowledge as belonging to the highest order; Washington, the father of his country, and Lincoln, the Illinois lawyer who carried his country successfully through the civil war, and fell to the assassin's bullet in the end. What others are there? Is it not a fact that in statecraft, after these two, one descends with a leap to second-rate mediocrities? Nor is America more prolific in other spheres.

In philosophy and science the highest order of intellect is that which concerns itself with the problems of abstract thought; that type of mind which deals with their practical application is on a distinctly lower plane.

Now, though America has produced many men of the adaptive order of mind, men who turn the abstract reasoning and thought of others to purposes of practical utility, she has been absolutely barren in those who can conceive the original ideas.

She has many men of the type of Edison, a man who is popularly supposed to have invented almost everything connected with electricity—if not to have invented that mysterious force itself—but she has never given birth to a scientific genius of the order of Kelvin or Darwin in England, or Pasteur or Ampère in France, or Helmholtz or Virchow in Germany, nor has she ever produced a philosopher like Bacon or Locke or Kant or Herbert Spenser or Matthew Arnold, or a scientific iconoclast like Huxley. These men do not grow in the atmosphere of the New World.

She has not brought forth a Shakespeare, of whom an American has said 'that if no other word had been written in the English language, with his works alone there would be a national English Literature,' nor a Byron, nor a Burns, nor a Shelley, nor a Keats, nor a John Milton, nor a Goethe.

American universities in spite of their

princely endowments produce hardly any great scholars; for mathematicians, historians, geologists, botanists, physiologists, chemists, theologians, *littérateurs* and poets, America has still to come to Europe. Learning and the Fine Arts do not flourish across the Atlantic, and there is scarcely such a thing as an American philosopher.

There are other classes of great men who find no parallel in the New World.

One can never imagine a man like Newman, whose life and writings have influenced more men, not perhaps to become Catholics, but towards a nobler and purer life than any other man of the last century, to have been an American; the suggestion itself is a preposterous one, so totally opposed is the American spirit towards that type of life of which he was the great example. But, when one thinks of religion in connection with America, one has instead a vision of Moody and Sankey, of Torrey and Alexander, of De Witt Talmage, of Henry Ward Beecher, and of that class of men whom we know as 'New England Divines,'—a class in whom the spirit of advertisement and commercialism is so strangely blended with the atmosphere of religion.

America, from a religious standpoint, is hopelessly flamboyant.

Nor can any one more easily conceive of an American Gordon, the fearless Christian soldier, who held the Soudan as the sentinel of civilisation and who, in the words of a distinguished American, was 'England's glory and England's shame.' That type of soldier does not exist in the New World, and one always feels of a prominent American that, somewhere behind his back, is a syndicate or something savouring of dollars. Gordon had to borrow the money to pay his fare to Egypt.

There is no such thing as an American literature, and, since the days of Emerson and Longfellow, there has been no one strong clear voice in America; a nation of omniverous readers has to rely on England for its literature.

Tennyson, Swinburne, Oscar Wilde and Dickens in England; Victor Hugo, Lamartine and Rénan in France; Tolstoy and Turgeneff in Russia; Goethe and Nietchze in Germany; Ibsen in Norway; Maeterlinck in Belgium, have all flourished during the nineteenth century, yet what names can America show worthy to rank with these?

There are no American artists of undoubted genius, the two or three she has given to the world having, like Whistler and Sargent, shaken the dust of America off their feet; it is the same in music, and when the great Republic wants a hymn to celebrate the centenary of its birth, it is to Wagner that she has to turn, there being no native composer to whom the work could be entrusted.

To sum up, the American intellect is the middle-class intellect, and no more, and, instead of being on a higher level, the life and civilisation of America are on a lower level than those of Europe. In all the little conveniences which make the daily round of life easier, and therefore lazier, it is true America is ahead of the Old World, but it is clearly, no land for plain living and high thinking. It is far too material for that. The higher life of mankind is almost forgotten in a mad debauch of commercial riotousness.

Even in matters of lesser moment America has her failures. Her railways are unsafe, her great cities are continually devastated by fires, her mercantile marine has almost ceased to exist, her police force and her Customs are corrupt, her commercial life is a gamble, her

streets are shamefully paved, her highways are a byword, her principles in international obligations are not above suspicion, her feverish activity is largely misdirected and wasted, her profession of a superior morality is a sham, and her manners those of a spoilt child.

Instead of being pointed to as an example, it is almost more to the point whether she should not return to the swaddling clothes and the nursery.

APPENDIX

MOST people shun figures as they would the plague itself, and as it is not my wish to expose them to the contagion of that malady, let me see how far it is possible to create a mental picture of the size and resources of the Great Republic without the too obvious intrusion of the mechanical figure of the statistician.

The population of America is now about 90 millions, in other words there are two American citizens to every one British subject, a fact worth remembering, but even this actual reality falls short of the estimate of Jefferson who at the birth of the Republic forecasted the figures at 100 millions a century ahead.

He could not foresee the extraordinary infertility of the native American woman, nevertheless at the same rate of increase in another fifty years' time the population will be 150 millions, or in other words there will be three Americans to every Britisher; a century ahead

from now the proportion will be five to one, provided immigration into America continues at its present rate.

Yet there is plenty of room for all these people, for the vast spaces of the continent will need a tremendous amount of filling.

The density of the population in America is only 25 persons to the square mile; in the United Kingdom it is 341, and in Belgium 588; that is to say, if America was as densely populated as Britain is it would possess at the present moment nearly 1000 million people, and if it was as densely populated as Belgium is it would possess nearly 1600 million people.

There is no overcrowding so far except in the slums of the great cities. The immigrant stream shows little signs of slackening, averaging well over half a million a year during the last decade; it rose to one million in 1905 and to one and a quarter millions in 1907, which so far is its high-water mark, and it is significant to notice that Italy, Russia, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire were responsible in fairly equal proportions for about three quarters of this number, though subjects of every race under the sun were included in those who passed Sandy Hook.

The magnificent distances of the Republic can scarcely bear exaggeration.

From the Golden Horn at San Francisco to Cape Cod in New England is little less than 3000 miles, or about the same distance as London is from New York, and a train travelling at an average speed of thirty miles an hour would, without reckoning any stops, take 4 days and 4 nights to travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and it would take little less time to travel from the Canadian frontier in the State of Northern Dakota to Galveston on the Gulf of Mexico.

Is it any wonder that an American when he visits this little island feels nervous about falling into the sea?

One universal time would be impossible in a country of so vast an area, and America has no less than four different times: Eastern Time this side of the Alleghany Mountains, Central Time in the Mississippi Valley, Mountain Time in the neighbourhood of the Rockies, and Pacific Time on the Pacific slope of that range; whenever you cross the imaginary meridional line dividing any two of these times you gain or lose one hour exactly, according to whether you are travelling east or west.

A mere category of the railways of America is sufficient to fill a big volume, and their magnates rank next to the uncrowned kings of America, the 'bosses' of the great Trusts.

They had a total length in 1908 of 233,000 miles and a capital of one thousand million pounds; they were worked by fifty-seven thousand engines which hauled forty-five thousand passenger cars—all Pullman—and over two million freight cars, each of which is several times the size of those used on English lines, and they carried 800 million passengers.

In that same year these railways accounted for the deaths of 381 passengers, 3,400 employees, and 6,400 'others'—presumably those who, in their unwisdom, strayed too near the track; they also injured 11,500 passengers, 82,000 employees, and 10,000 'others.'

It will be seen that American railroads are not distinguished for their safety, for these figures would do very well for the killed and wounded in a fair-sized European war, instead of being one year's carnage of what is generally regarded as a peaceful industry, at least over here.

To protect their great country the Americans possessed an ill-disciplined army of

scarcely thirty thousand men, until the war with Spain dispelled their slumbers and embarked them on a career of Imperial expansion; until then the army's only exploits had been the extermination of Red Indians and the 'conquest' of Mexico, for the Civil War of 1861-5 was an affair of armed mobs; at the present day America requires thirty thousand men to police the Philippines alone, that being part of the price paid for American expansion.

The American navy now ranks third amongst the navies of the world, but the Yellow Press has already discovered that it is not nearly big enough: 'a Dreadnought for every State in the Union and a navy that can "whip" creation,' is the cry of these gentlemaned Imperialists.

The figures relating to the trade of America are so colossal that a few must be inflicted on the reader in order to give him some idea of its vast resources.

The value of its manufactures in pounds sterling has been increasing by over fifty per cent. during each decade since 1870, and in 1900 they had reached the gross value of over two and a half billion pounds.

America is the greatest iron producer in the

world : in the ten years between 1890 and 1900 the output of iron ore rose from $14\frac{1}{2}$ to $24\frac{1}{2}$ million tons, of pig iron from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$ million tons, and of steel from 4 to nearly 11 million tons.

America intends to become the iron-master of the world, and the Steel Trust wields a greater power than many a small State.

The agricultural and live stock produce of the nation are on the same gigantic scale.

83 million quarters of wheat, 122 of oats, and 338 of maize, 350 million bushels of potatoes, 10 million bales of cotton, $8\frac{1}{2}$ million cwts. of tobacco, and 57 million tons of hay represent agriculture; 60 million cows, 57 million sheep, 47 million pigs, 21 million horses, and 4 million mules represent her contribution to the world's live stock.

There are nearly three hundred Trusts in America with a capital of one billion, two hundred million pounds sterling, which have destroyed competition and swallowed up industries, and against which the Legislature beats in vain.

The Standard Oil Company has a capital of 600 million dollars, and its President, Mr Rockefeller, is the richest individual in the

world with an income of nearly five million pounds sterling.

It would be useless to go on adding figures to show the material prosperity of the country, or of a few of its fortunate citizens, but sufficient has been given to show that against these resources no single European State can hope to contend successfully.

Since these lines were written the latest figures illustrating the size and operations of the Steel Trust have become available, and since they may be of some educative value to those who have only vague ideas of what a great Trust means, they are now given.

The Steel Corporation has an outstanding capital of 300 million pounds sterling, an amount equal to the value of the property of Chicago and St Louis combined; it has acquired 200 separate companies and through them owns the principal ore supplies in America.

It is governed by a few directors who are also the directors of 50 banks and insurance companies which control *double* the capital of the Steel Trust.

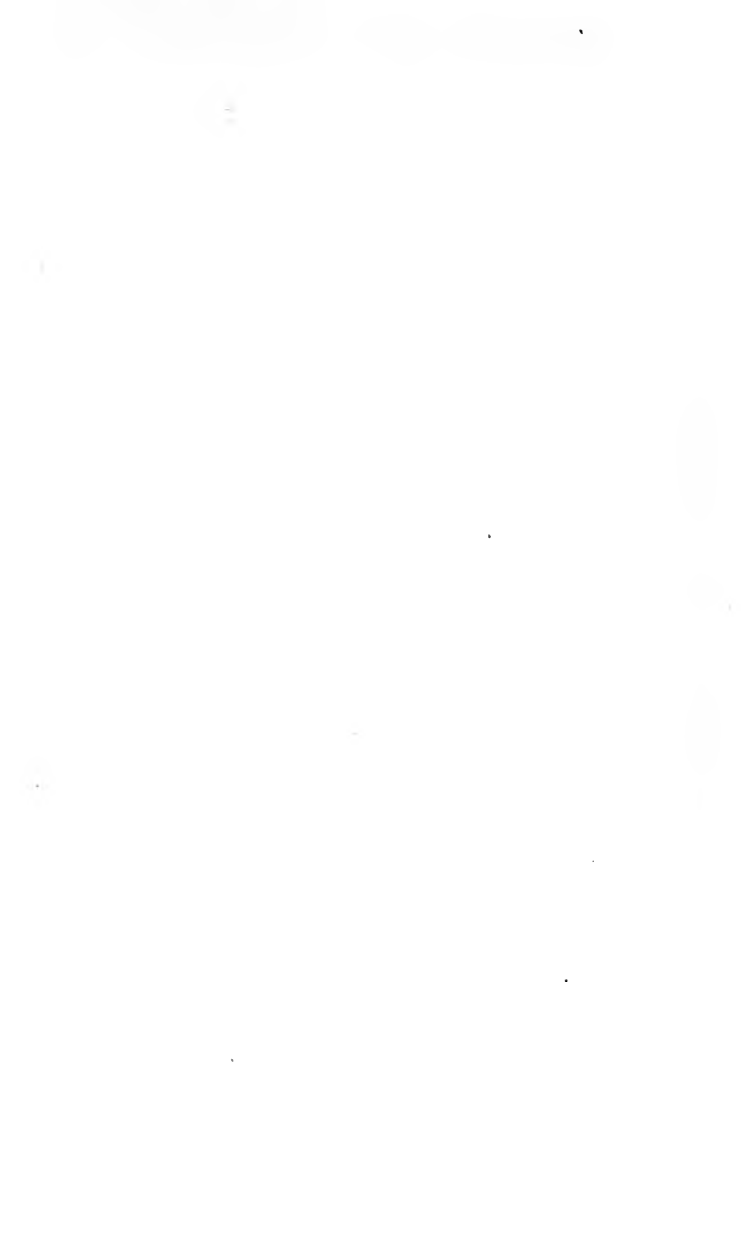
These directors are also directors of 29 railroad systems with 126,000 miles of rails, of

12 steel-using street railway systems, of 40 machinery companies, of many gas, oil and water companies, and of telephone and telegraph companies, the whole assets of these companies mounting up to over 3 *billion pounds* sterling, which is more than the assessed value of all the property of New England, one and a half times the value of all the property of the 13 Southern States, and equal to the whole of the property of all the States, North and South, lying West of the Mississippi.

On this huge Octopus of capital Mr Roosevelt and his new party declare war saying, 'We do not fear commercial power.'

Dr Woodrow Wilson, the new President, is also hostile to the Trusts; the future of America is on the knees of the gods.

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